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ABSTRACT

This special issue of a bilingual periodical dedicated to the investigation of women's access to education and to feminist analysis of education and learning presents a variety of stories written by women who have experienced abuse that affected their education. The issue opens with an editorial, presented in full in both French and English, by guest editors Anne Elliott, Wanita Koczka, Rip Van Nispen, and Patricia Williams. The editorial, whose English title is "Women, Violence, and Education: The Painful Reality," English title is "Women, Violence, and Education: The Painful Reality"; provides a context for the following features: (1) "Writing about Violence" (Morgan McClung); (2) "Breaking All the Rules: Breaking Silence" (Colleen Race); (3) "Between Silence and Silence" (Sharon Ferguson-Hood); (4) "Coping" (Anonymous); (5) "Stories from Pinegrove" (women at Pinegrove Correctional Center); (6) "Will My Hurt Go Away?" (Mary Rennie); (7) "Dealing with Residential School: The Healing Process of an Adult Child" (Elizabeth Bear); (8) "Taking It Day by Day" (Loralee Elliot); (9) "I Promise I'll Love You Forever" (Patty Herriot); (10) "Briser le silence en milieu pedagogique" (Jeannine Ouellette with a summary in English); (11) "Unwelcome Attentions: Learning NOT to Live with Harassment" (Jessica Slights); (12) "A New Beginning" (Jean Wasegijig); and (13) "A Survivor's Fairy Tale" (Kate Delaney Earthdancer). Five untranslated English-language poems are included: "Tarring the Riverboat" (Dianne Reid); "dross to gold (for Paul)" and "Fairbairn" (Lynne Kositsky); "I, Me, My" (Billie Livingston); and "Leda" (Barbara Wood). Regular features of the journal include editorials, letters, book reviews, lists of resources, and a list of relevant conferences. (NB)

Women's EDUCATION des femmes

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Canadian Congress for Learning Opportunities for Women

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This issue is dedicated to all the women and girls who have experienced and are experiencing violence and abuse as they seek to learn.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

There are many people to thank in bringing together this powerful and painful look at the effect of violence on women's education. Firstly, the guest editorial collective (Anne Elliott, Wanita Koczka, Pip Van Nispen, Patricia Williams), who refined the focus of this issue and who reached out to welcome and encourage submissions from women, some of whom may otherwise never have had the chance to speak. The strength, courage, and commitment of the writers themselves must be acknowledged; we thank them for sharing their stories. They are: Elizabeth Bear, Kate Delaney Earthdancer, Loralee Elliot, Sharon Ferguson-Hood, Patty Herriot, Morgan McClung, Jeannine Ouellette, Debbie, Emma, Donna, Marla, Priscilla and Jocelyn at Pinegrove Correctional Centre, Colleen Race, Mary Rennie, Jessica Slights, Jean Wasegijig, and one who remains annonymous. Book reviews were contributed by Peggy Buckley, Janet Kolenick Herbert, and Barb Cottrell. Poetry is by Lynne Kositsky, Billie Livingston, Dianne Reid, Barbara Wood; artwork is by Phyllis Ferber and Antoinette Martens.

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COVER

The cover graphic is a depiction of women's pain, which often goes unacknowledged in our struggle to be strong. It is by Phyllis Ferber.

GUEST EDITORIAL COLLECTIVE

The members of the CCLOW Northern Saskatchewan editorial collective are **Anne Elliott, Wanita Koczka, Pip Van Nispen and Patty Williams.** Several of us work on a daily basis with women who have been victims of violence; all of us are involved with adult education. We decided to work as a collective, which we feel is a natural Saskatchewan process. It is also a process that acknowledges our collective wisdom and experience. We gather strength from each other, we learn from each other, and we see this as a way all women learn.

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WEdf invites all readers to submit articles, ideas, poetry, humour, commentary, reviews, resources, and graphics. Please send submissions to the Editor, WEdf, 47 Main Street, Toronto, Ontario, M4E 2V6, or fax them at (416) 699-2145. Material that is sexist, racist, classist, homophobic, able-ist, age-ist or which is oppressive in any other way will not be accepted for publication. Submitters who wish their material returned should include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Writer's guidelines are available.

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WOMEN'S EDUCATION DES FEMMES est une revue publiée tous les trimestres par le Congrès canadien pour la promotion des études chez la femme. Le CCPEF est un organisme national bénévole chargé de promouvoir l'éducation et le développement du plein potentiel des femmes.

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Women, Violence and Education: The Painful Reality

by Anne Elliott, Wanita Koczka, Pip Van Nispen, Patricia Williams

When four of us from Saskatoon and Prince Albert proposed to guest edit this issue, we hoped to publish stories from women who have experienced abuse that affected their education. We were overwhelmed by the number of submissions.

This special issue features women's voices; we have chosen to let women tell their own stories rather than publish generalized statements. These are not pleasant stories; it is, however, crucial for all of us to acknowledge and appreciate the experiences and courage of these women.

We had letters from women who said they would like to write an article, but were *still* too intimidated. This re-enforces our belief that violence and abuse are about *power* and *control* and that violence and abuse are systemic. Our society is beginning to be forced to recognize that sexual abuse and physical abuse exist; our society is also giving lip service, at least, to acknowledging the profound impact this abuse can have on women and children.

We tend to dismiss psychological abuse as less damaging. While such abuse may not have such obvious effects, is it less violent? How many girls have been told "You don't belong in this class. It's for boys"? How many girls have been told, "You can take math, but of course you won't do very well"? How many university and high school women have to listen to a teacher who uses "humour" that makes fun of women and women's accomplishments? How many teachers see only the hands raised by boys? How many training programs are for men only? This, too, is violence as it destroys self-esteem and confidence and limits women's educational and personal options throughout their life.

We have learned how some girls and women coped with abuse: they ran away from home, they retreated into themselves, they turned to drugs or alcohol, they became model students, they "acted out" at school, they got mad. Abuse interferes with learning because women must direct all their energies toward survival, whether physical or psychological, rather than toward learning or toward creative exploration.

Most women who wrote about violence that began when they were children say they are only beginning to heal. They say it is a life-long process, and they identified self-initiated healing and self-knowledge as crucial aspects of education, without which further healing cannot begin. Most women also say that education which contributes to the feeling that they are worthwhile human beings is essential. Education, whatever its form, seems to be the key.

This, however, raises another question: is school a safe place for girls or women? Our authors tell us there is little support for children who are abused. Many schools fail to acknowledge that abuse exists. There are few healing circles or support groups for children. There is little recourse for young women and girls who are constantly told that they should not study a particular subject, that women don't belong in graduate school, that girls can't build things or do repair work. Aboriginal women have been denied their self-identity, their heritage, their self esteem, in the name of education. Was school a safe place for them?

Emphasis on individual disclosing is necessary, for it helps women validate their experiences. However, we need a concurrent effort to change our institutions. Do we need to restructure our education system so that girls and women are no longer second class citizens? Will acknowledging the role women have played, and creating female role models, help us regain our sense of self? Will it give us confidence to deal with psychological violence?

One answer may be that women need to be in charge of their lives. Do our educational institutions, including families, schools, universities and adult learning centres, allow women control in the same way they allow it to men?

We've met some extraordinary, strong women who have told their stories. We have been humbled by their trust; for some, writing their story meant hiding their name. We are also inspired by the strength of these women; they have endured more horrors than some of us can imagine. We must use the knowledge we gain from their stories. We must all dedicate ourselves to eliminating abuse in education, to ensuring that women's experiences of abuse are acknowledged by educators, and insist that educational practices change to fully incorporate the participation of girls and women in the learning process.

Les femmes, la violence et l'éducation : La douloureuse réalité

par Anne Elliott, Wanita Koczka, Pip Van Nispen, Patricia Williams

Quand nous avons proposé toutes les quatre (nous sommes de Saskatoon et de Prince Albert) de participer à ce numéro, nous espérions publier le récit de femmes victimes de sévices qui avaient eu des répercussions sur leur éducation. Nous avons été époustouflées par le nombre de textes que nous avons reçus.

Ce numéro spécial donne la parole aux femmes; nous avons choisi de laisser celles-ci raconter leurs propres histoires au lieu de publier des généralités. Il ne s'agit pas de belles histoires; il est toutefois essentiel que nous reconnaissions et comprenions ce que ces femmes ont vécu et admirions leur courage.

Dans certaines lettres, des femmes nous disaient qu'elles aimeraient écrire un article, mais qu'elles se sentaient encore *trop* intimidées pour le faire. Cela confirme l'une de nos convictions, à savoir que la violence et les abus sont intimement liés au *pouvoir* et au *contrôle*, et que la violence et les sévices sont systématiques.

On a tendance à ne pas accorder la même importance aux abus psychologiques. Si ce genre d'abus n'a pas des effets aussi évidents, en est-il moins violent pour autant? Combien de filles se sont entendu dire «Votre place n'est pas dans cette classe»? À combien de filles a-t-on dit : «Vous pouvez prendre un cours de maths, mais vous n'y ferez pas des merveilles, c'est évident»? Combien de femmes dans les écoles secondaires et les universités doivent écouter un professeur qui fait de «l'humour» aux dépens des femmes et de leurs réalisations? Combien d'enseignants ne voient que les garçons quand ils lèvent la main? Combien de programmes de formation sont réservés aux hommes? Tous ces exemples relèvent de la violence qui détruit la confiance et l'amour-propre des femmes et réduit leurs choix personnels et éducatifs.

Nous avons appris comment certaines jeunes filles et femmes surmontent les abus dont elles sont victimes : elles fuient leur foyer, elles se referment sur elles-mêmes, elles prennent de la drogue ou se mettent à boire, elles deviennent des élèves exemplaires, elles font les quatre cents coups à l'école, elles se mettent en colère. Tout abus a des répercussions sur l'apprentissage, car les femmes concentrent toute leur énergie sur leur survie.

La plupart des femmes qui ont été victimes de violence dans la petite enfance affirment que leur guérison commence à peine, et qu'elle durera toute leur vie. Nombre de femmes affirment que faute d'être éduquées et de sentir qu'elles étaient des êtres humains valables, elles ne seraient pas en mesure d'entamer une convalescence. L'éducation, quelle que soit sa forme, semble être donc la panacée pour toutes ces femmes.

Ce qui précède soulève toutefois une autre question. L'école est-elle un endroit sans dangers pour les jeunes filles et les femmes? Les auteures affirment que les enfants maltraités y trouvent peu de soutien. Beaucoup d'écoles ne reconnaissent pas que des abus sont commis. Les jeunes femmes et les filles auxquelles on répète constamment qu'elles ne devraient pas étudier une matière particulière, qu'elles ne devraient pas faire des études supérieures, qu'elles ne sont pas aptes à construire une machine ou à la réparer n'ont aucun recours. Au nom de l'éducation, on a volé aux femmes autochtones leur identité, leur patrimoine, leur amour-propre. L'école est-elle un lieu sûr pour elles?

Il faut mettre l'accent sur les révélations individuelles, car cela aide les femmes à valider leurs expériences. Toutefois, pour changer nos institutions il faut déployer des efforts concertés. Devons-nous restructurer le système scolaire, de façon que les jeunes filles et les femmes ne soient plus des citoyennes de seconde catégorie? Retrouverons-nous notre moi en reconnaissant le rôle que les femmes ont joué et en créant des modèles à imiter féminins? Prendrons-nous davantage confiance si nous abordons le problème de la violence psychologique?

Nous avons rencontré quelques femmes extraordinaires et fortes qui se sont racontées. Nous nous sommes senties humbles face à leur confiance; certaines ont dû dissimuler leur nom pour raconter leur histoire. La force de ces femmes nous est aussi une source d'inspiration; elles ont vécu davantage d'horreurs qu'on ne peut l'imaginer. Nous devons faire bon usage de ce qu'elles nous ont appris. Nous devons toutes nous consacrer à abolir tout abus du système d'éducation et à faire en sorte que les éducateurs reconnaissent les sévices dont sont victimes les femmes. Nous devons changer la manière dont les femmes et les jeunes filles sont traitées dans notre système d'éducation.

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Dear *Women's Education des femmes*

I am writing to congratulate you and the editorial board of CCLOW for your special issues on violence.

At one time, violence against women was not recognized as a problem. Today, thanks to the efforts and the commitment of individual women and women's groups and to initiatives such as your own, this form of violence is being recognized for what it is--an insidious problem with disastrous social, economic and personal costs.

As Minister Responsible for the Status of Women, I believe that only a continuing effort, waged on all fronts, will be effective in changing the attitudes and features of society that fuel violence against women and that leave women feeling they are powerless to escape from violence. One key component of this effort is prevention through public education as a means of altering traditional behaviours and increasing awareness about the problem. Your readers are being provided with a unique opportunity to share in the reality of women's experience with violence and to identify ways of solving the problem.

I commend you for the considerable effort you are investing in the planning of these special issues. I look forward to reading the finished product.

Sincerely,
Mary Collins
Minister Responsible
for the Status of Women

Phyllis Ferber

Writing About Violence

by Morgan McClung

The following letter was sent to our editorial collective by a woman who has experienced extreme violence in her life. Morgan McClung clearly expresses the impact, power and control that violence exerts in women's lives. At the same time, because she is able to analyze her past, she helps us understand and gives us hope that we can counteract this violence. Though she may not be able to share the experience of her abuse at this time, she is able to share her experience of how it has affected her and how she continues to heal and learn. Clearly, her childhood experiences have affected her education; equally clearly, she is using education to overcome the fear and paralysis created by those experiences.

Dear Sisters:

Your call for contributions to the Women's Experience of Violence issue of *Women's Education des femmes* has had a stronger influence on me and my writing than I could have anticipated. I am, therefore, not sending you my originally intended contribution, but a brief recounting of my experience of *trying* to send it to you. I think this experience shows what may be one of the most profound ways that violence affects women's learning, by making us so afraid to tell the truth that we do not.

I have been working for over two years on my MA thesis in Adult Education, exploring connections among the issues of power in feminist educational praxis, knowing, and experience of intimate childhood sexual assault. This work is autobiographical. I had planned to send you part of the thesis introduction, in which I weave connections among these issues in the literature and in my own life as a child, woman, student, researcher and educator.

I put off final preparation of this contribution for as long as I could (until two days before the due date) when I finally realized how afraid I was to send it in. Over the past two years, I have dealt with many levels and forms of that fear: fear of not being believed, understood or

academically supported, fear of being rejected by my family, of a threatened lawsuit against myself and the university. I had, I thought, resolved these fears by adapting a pseudonym, gaining unequivocal academic support from my department and the university administration, and dealing with the loss of most of my family through naming my abuse and abusers to them. So I thought that I didn't have much else to fear.

Through preparing this contribution for possible publication, I realized this was not so. The largest fear is the very small possibility that one of my assailants would make good on his threat to sue me, destroying my financial security. The protection of a pseudonym in no way allays this fear.

On a more immediate scale, when using the printing facilities of my school, I feared that someone would come up and start reading the computer screen and I wouldn't be able to clear it fast enough, that I would leave one stray sheet on the xerox machine, paper cutter, printer, or fax machine that contained a detail of the abuse with my name on it, that I would inadvertently leave an identifying detail on my work, or that you would mistakenly use my real name. At 5:30 on your deadline day, with no one else in the school, I tried to fax my work to you. I couldn't get the machine to work. I drove home, sobbing and screaming, railing at the pain, fear and anger that I should feel this precious, beautiful, powerful lifework to be illicit and dangerous.

One day later with the help of my friend Shauna, I realized that if I ignore or try to tough myself through these fears, I am abusing myself. I have invested enormous time, money, and spirit in my healing process over the past number of years in group work, private therapy, art work and mostly in my writing. The experience of the past week has brought me a new respect for the depths of the abuse and the time and protection my healing still requires. So, for now, I must remain silent.

I wish you all well in your important work.

Sincerely,
Morgan McClung

Morgan McClung *is a pseudonym. She lives in Canada and is finishing a degree in Adult Education at a Canadian University. She is a survivor.*

My experience shows what may be one of the most profound ways that violence affects women's learning, by making us so afraid to tell the truth that we do not.

À propos de la violence

par Morgan McClung

Chères toutes,

Au lieu de vous envoyer comme j'en avais l'intention ma soumission, je me contenterai de vous résumer l'expérience que j'ai tirée de cette tentative.

Je prévoyais de vous soumettre une partie de ma thèse de maîtrise, laquelle est autobogriaphique et traite des actes d'agression sexuelle dont j'ai été victime dans mon enfance. À l'approche de la date d'échéance, je me suis rendu compte que j'avais peur d'envoyer mon texte. L'une de mes grandes peurs est que l'un de mes agresseurs, même si la possibilité est minime, me poursuive en justice et anéantisse ma sécurité financière. Je craignais aussi de laisser traîner tout article portant mon nom et racontant mon histoire. J'avais également peur que vous utilisiez par mégarde mon vrai nom dans la revue. Les sentiments de frustration et de peur que j'éprouvais devant ce texte illicite me firent prendre conscience qu'en repoussant cette peur, j'étais en train de me maltraiter. Cette expérience m'a permis de comprendre et de respecter la profondeur de mes blessures et d'accepter que j'avais encore besoin d'être protégée pour guérir.

Je vous souhaite beaucoup de succès dans vos importants travaux.

Breaking All The Rules: Breaking Silence

by Colleen N. Race

Childhood, and a childhood of sexual abuse, are transverse lines on different planes. At no point do the lines ever intersect.

He said: "I'm going to teach you. I'm going to teach you how to be a young lady." He taught me how to masturbate him. I was three years old. And he taught me not to tell.

I am moving away from that man next door; I cannot wait to get away; I cannot wait to start school; everything will be new, again. One fieldtrip afternoon, the husband of my teacher caught me alone in a bathroom, and he taught me some even newer games. He peed on Primary. ABCD EFG H---I Don't Remember Grade One. He taught me fear and shame. He taught me well; I don't remember Grade Two. (Only the faded ink on those brittle report cards tells me I was an A+ student. Obviously, there are worries about any child with a row of D's; personally, I worry more about children who have row after row of nice neat A's.)

By Grade Three, I am perfect. I am less terrified of death than I am of being less than perfect. Every morning, I listen perfectly to the words: "O Canada, in all thy sons command." I cannot sing. I dare not sing. Two of my brothers are preparing their ways to incest me: one by coercion, one by seduction. I am taught by my family not to trust anyone *outside* the family; this I already know. And only I know, I cannot trust anyone *inside* my family. I go to school, and I go home. I am, literally, studying and applying my Boolean math at both ends.

And in between, I make a pained escape into books. I want to hide forever. But the teenaged boy next door finds me; he is sure to find me--I am eight years old, and I am on my knees in the dirt. I am on my knees in the dirt because that is where he has shoved me. "Open your mouth. Open wider you bitch; you like it." Over the course of a year, he would teach me to obey, but he could not teach me to like it. My family and I are moving away, moving again. I am nine years old.

I move on to the next school. I decide that, even with all the inherent dangers, it is still and always the safest move to become "teacher's pet": I am reading "at a level years above my age"; my comprehension and my spelling skills are "exceptional"; (I can, in fact, compre-

Rompre toutes les règles : Rompre le silence

par Colleen N. Race

Lorsque j'avais trois ans, mon voisin m'a appris à le masturber et à garder le silence. Je ne me souviens pas de ma première année à l'école. Le mari de mon institutrice m'a appris à avoir peur et honte. Je ne me souviens pas non plus de ma deuxième année, mais d'après mes bulletins trimestriels j'étais en tête de classe. À partir de la troisième année, j'ai essayé d'être parfaite. Deux de mes frères eurent des rapports incestueux avec moi.

Je me réfugiais dans les livres, mais l'adolescent de la porte d'à côté me trouva. Je n'avais que huit ans. Je me mis à fumer et à boire du café et décidais de devenir écrivain. En quatrième année, un autre adolescent m'a appris à «le faire comme il faut». À l'école, mon niveau en lecture était tel qu'on me fit passer directement en sixième année.

À la fin de la onzième année, j'abandonnais mes études et trouvais un emploi à plein temps. Je me suis mariée et mon mari était alcoolique et me maltraitait. Je subis le viol le plus brutal pendant ma grossesse. Je me mis à écrire et à faire des économies pour prendre des cours par correspondance, mais j'appris que je ne pouvois être plus instruite que mon mauvais mari. Je laissais enfin ma colère s'exprimer et demandais le divorce.

Après des années de thérapie, je commence à guérir. J'ai terminé la douzième année par correspondance et j'ai l'impression que je commence à apprendre quelque chose.

hend and spell words and phrases I dare not put to paper: fellatio, cunnilingus, insertion of clothespins and bicycle pumps); I have "a wonderful imagination."

I take up smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee and deciding to become a writer rather naturally followed suit. I am still nine years old, going on thirty. Books and words. My measure of peace. As a writer, I understand one must *know* all the rules before one can break the rules, and one must know *why*. Why. Why doesn't anyone see? Why doesn't someone stop it? Anybody. Somebody?

We move again. My mother fights to keep me in the same school though we are "out of district." She wins; *it is not my mother's fault* I am lost. I space a lot. I am not present, even when I am. On the way to and from school, I walk in front of a lot of moving cars. Perhaps I really have died, and gone to hell, and someone just forgot to tell me. Just another cruel joke.

Grade Four. Friday morning, school assembly. "Our Father, who art in Heaven". Where art thou, Our Mother, in those fine words? For another teenaged boy has taught me it takes two to go forth and multiply, a male and a female, to "do it right." I was ten years old. And it hurt. I cannot forgive his trespasses. Ten would rather steal and lie and break the golden rule like my hymen and die, than have anyone including God know she knows how to do it right.

Grade Five: was horrible. Just joking. Nothing happened. I skipped it right to Grade Six. The school wishes to accelerate me, again, into Grade Eight. My mother, instinctively, and wisely, refuses. I am already at least two years younger than most of my classmates, and older than most will ever be. At age eleven, I am incested, again, this time by two cousins. My grades at school improve, though I tend to daydream a lot.

I am tired. I sleep too much. The nightmares began long ago. I sleep too little. The nightmares never stop. I wake up in Grade Eight. Geometry: childhood, and a childhood of sexual abuse, are transverse lines on different planes, i.e., at no point do the lines ever intersect. And the shortest distance between two points is NOT a straight line--if one can avoid the bully by taking the longest way 'round, and the punishment for coming late to class.

I wake up in "Health" Education. Definition of a bully: the boy who hurts you "because he really likes you." I was very "well liked." Sexual abuse and incest are not discussed in Health Education; it's *only* the 1970s. The lecture on reproduction and menstruation, however, is co-ed. How controversial. My menstrual cycle begins; I fall out of my desk at school once, twice, even three times a month. Even my body is betrayal. I go to sleep in Grade Eight Math: I am Boolean Theory. And, I already know that freedom of choice is inversely proportional to gender. (I applied, with two other girls, to the elementary Industrial Arts Program. We were refused by the principal: "You girls will distract the boys, and it's against policy." I concede; it is against school policy to be a girl. I am having too many panic attacks in the halls and at home to take on another fight anyway.)

I move on to the halls of high school. Grade Nine: was horrible; really.

My teachers all call me "precocious." I wonder why. My boyfriend is the twenty-three year old guy who stops me on the way to and from school for sex-on-demand. My eldest brother has introduced me to marijuana, and thinks it's wonderful that I'm so sexually active, and suggests, as he strokes my hair, that I move on soon to the wonders of the birth control pill. My promiscuous period begins. I skip a lot of classes. I pass Grade Nine with flying colours.

I am not tired. I am hungry. I sleep all the time; I refuse to eat. I am sent home from school occasionally because I "look anaemic." The term "anorexia nervosa" has apparently not been discovered yet. I am fifteen, and I am in Grade Eleven. I am different. In every way, I am different. (Did everybody but me wait until they were seven before they started school?) I am suddenly sixteen.

I go to school, I go to work, I go home, I go to work, I go on dates, I go to school. I like the schoolwork itself, but I am afraid of the place and the people; I like the work itself, and I especially like the paycheques, but I am afraid of the people and the place; I date, but I only date men ten or twenty years older than myself; I like to be at home, as little as possible.

I do my algebra homework sitting alone in the hallway at school. In class, the boy sitting directly across from me is constantly demanding

"Hey, is twenty bucks enough for a blow-job?" and I think if it were, I'd have been rich by age nine.

Tarring the Riverboat

Ritual

without dance or song
seven great aunts
my grandmother
dressed as little labourers
tarred the riverboat

Every April
the ice bridge
to the family church
cemetery
melted

that serious crew
proofed
the ragged-timbered
craft against
unsettled water

Just so
they grew up
masking
the fertility
of dreams
sealing themselves
with small codes
and commonplaces
against other
periodic turbulence.

Dianne Reid
Ottawa, Ontario

my notebook with my answers. "Give me your book" or else. Or else he'll shove me in a corner and stick his tongue in my mouth. Or else he'll toss lit matches in my hair again today at recess. I fling my damn book across the aisle at him, and I am flung into the guidance counsellor's office. I am told I am in trouble, because I "threw a temper," and I am told I must see the counsellor weekly until the end of the school year; I am asked to begin by relating my family history. Yeah, right. I could see the inkblots on the wall. I am not asked why I threw the book. I didn't go back to the office. Grade Eleven ended. I didn't go back to school. I went to work full-time instead.

Out in the 'real world' I am taught: "It don't pay to say NO." I hear: "Date me, or your hours are cut back." Pushed against the cash register, I still hear the hard cock: "Put out right here, or you don't work again." I space. I quit, again. Walking to and from work, I hear: "Hey, is twenty bucks enough for a blow-job?!" and I think, to myself: if it were, I'd have been rich by age nine. I hear another car horn: "Two hundred dollars baby, right now!" I admit, I wondered how long he would take at it, and calculating from a minimum wage of $1.85 per hour, it was tempting, very tempting, but I did not get in to find out if it paid to say YES. I got married instead. (No, it does not pay to say yes).

My husband was both alcoholic and abusive. (I will point out that those are two *separate* problems, though they are often found together in the same person.) I married in 1980, and during the nine years of marriage, my husband subjected me to emotional, psychological, physical, and primarily sexual abuse (the most brutal rape inflicted upon me during my pregnancy). The operative word in what I have just said, is subjected. He owned me, controlled me, and abused me. He taught, and reviewed, all the rules: fear, shame, guilt, depression, non-existent self-esteem, and not to tell.

I begin my writing career. I work with past and future tense. I am very tense. But my work is very intense, and I am very persistent.
I am finally published. My prose and my poetry; my veiled pain. Pain does not pay. Neither does a career in literary writing. I am going to have a child to support. I know I need my grade twelve and a paying career to go with motherhood. I save for the correspondence

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courses. Too late, I find out there is The Unwritten Eleventh Commandment: Thou shalt not have an higher education than thy abusive spouse. The quadratic equation, in a no-win situation, is: "No more fucking algebra you stupid woman; do the fucking dishes and then come to bed now." (Think about it; I cannot Do, Then, and still come to bed Now. So I'll opt to do the dishes, and he'll screw me at the sink.) This formula is also known as "curricula interruptus" and is known to be a 100% effective method of control. Finally, yes, he taught me anger. *My anger*. I petitioned for divorce in 1989.

Three years of in-tense therapy later, I can say I have successfully been through the following: a sixteen week course on domestic abuse (Breathe Colleen); an eight week course on childhood sexual abuse (breathe) and incest (keep breathing); a sixteen week course on self-defense (Stay present; how do you feel?) an eight week course on first-aid (Have I eaten today? Have I slept this week? What do I need right now?); and I am enrolled in a lifelong course on the healing process (Take your time; take off the veils).

I write freely in the safety of a pen name. I can also say, with unveiled pride and a measure of joy, that at the age of thirty, upon almost half a lifetime of leaving high school: I completed the correspondence courses, and I hold my Grade Twelve Diploma.

Now, I am beginning to learn ...

Colleen N. Race *is a pseudonym; all names and places have been omitted to protect her identity. Colleen is a published freelance writer, and is the single mother of one child. She is presently continuing her education at the post-secondary level (by correspondence courses, of course) toward a third career in the library field.*

Too late, I find out The Unwritten Eleventh Commandment: Thou shalt not have an higher education than thy abusive spouse.

Phyllis Ferber

Between Silence and Silence

by Sharon Ferguson-Hood

A boy who is in grade nine gets it the worst, because he hardly ever knows any correct answers and there is only right and wrong.

The one room schoolhouse is painted red and white; there are windows at the back of the classroom and on the east side. They are the kind divided into small squares, maybe a hundred or more. A round black stove takes up one corner of the room. It is as tall as the ceiling and the boys shovel coal into it at recess. The cloak room is shut off from the main classroom; it has an old crock water cooler and the water freezes in winter. Here next to the cooler I must hang my coat. The bathroom for boys and girls is outside, a long way away. This place on the prairie has remained with me the most.

I sit in an old steel desk with a wooden top. The noise in the room is like a train rumbling across a railroad crossing. A boy who is in grade nine gets it the worst, because he hardly ever knows any correct answers and there is only right and wrong. He is a big, fat boy; his face turns purple and mottled from crying. The teacher, a short, dark man with thick glasses, grabs him, shakes him, pushes him around in his desk. He goes back and forth like he will never stop. The movement is horrendous but I can't stop watching. He beats him with a wide grey strap and things don't seem to move so fast. We are all at risk, my turn will come. Arithmetic is after lunch, my eyes turn to the windows, and I wonder if I can count fast enough or will I get to stand in the right spot? My hands hurt but no one at home notices and I never tell. School in some ways is better than being at home.

The next year in grade three I go to school in town. There are separate rooms there for all the grades and bathrooms in the basement. I get on the bus at 8 am and return home at 5 pm. My brother starts school that year. Every morning my father carried him into the bus while he screamed and cried. Another brother started school the next year and two years later the youngest began school.

We live in a four room house with only an oil burner for heat, there is no running water and no electricity.

I remember December, maybe it was 1956 and there was no snow yet. I sit staring out the bus window, the sky dismal and grey, black earth frozen in long narrow furrows. Why doesn't it snow? If we could be snowbound for Christmas my father could not get to the beer parlour to celebrate and I would not have to try and make mother laugh on Christmas eve.

I failed grade five but I remember one time that year when I felt good. I had read a story in English carefully and when the teacher asked a

De silence en silence

par Sharon Ferguson-Hood

Dans mon école des Prairies, l'instituteur cinglait les élèves avec une large ceinture grise quand ces derniers ne savaient pas répondre à une question. J'ai redoublé la cinquième année. C'est en arithmétique que j'avais le plus de difficulté. Mon père décida alors de s'en occuper. Courbé sur moi, il criait : «Comment est-ce possible d'être aussi stupide?». J'ai raté ma septième année et en huitième année nous étions sept à avoir plus de seize ans. L'enseignant et nos camarades nous humiliaient tous les jours.

En neuvième année, le professeur d'algèbre m'a envoyé au tableau. Il marchait de long en large derrière moi, me cinglant au passage les jambes avec un bâton. Je voulais mourir. J'ai abandonné mes études. Je me suis mariée, mais les sévices de mon mari étaient l'équivalent de passer un examen tous les jours et d'y échouer systématiquement. Un jour, nous étions dans la voiture. J'ai senti qu'il accélérait, j'ai levé les yeux et j'ai vu une grosse cane et ses sept petits en train de traverser la route. Le lendemain, j'ai appelé Santé mentale. Le silence s'était tu.

question I raised my hand and he asked me to answer. He said, "Very good Sharon, thank-you." Maybe it is the little things that sustain us. Arithmetic is always the biggest problem and my father decides he will teach me. He stands over me at the kitchen table and shouts, "How can anyone be so stupid? I've told you and I've told you how to do this, can't you remember anything!" My mother stands silently at the cupboard doing the supper dishes. My father slams out of the house, he returns from the barn sullen and angry. My mother does not ever allow alcohol in the house.

I fail grade seven and half way through grade eight the second time life is unbearable. I sit slumped over in my desk, head down and I pray no one will notice me. There are seven of us over sixteen in grade eight, we are humiliated daily by the teacher and classmates. One day a boy that is at the top of the class says to me, "You are so stupid. I don't know how you exist." The teacher said, "She can't help it Colin. Go, the volley-ball team needs you."

Grade nine starts, a tall thin man with steel grey hair and piercing blue eyes teaches Algebra. By October my luck has run out and I am called to the board to do a question. He walks back and forth behind me cracking a yard stick on the steel ledge of the board, on either side of my legs. My lower lip trembles, huge tears roll down my face, I mumble, "I don't know how to do this." He cracks the stick on the board and shouts, "What do you mean you don't know how? I taught this, the rest of the class understands. Well why don't you know? Don't just stand there looking at me with your brown eyes like a dog, answer me!" I was silent and the stick cracked one more time. "Sit down for God's sake! Violet, come and do the problem for the class." Violet struts to the front, her plaid reversible pleated skirt swinging, her angora sweater pushed out in front of her. The chalk on the board sounds quick and hard, like hail on the metal roof of the chicken house at home. "Very good Violet", he says. "What would I do without you in my class? You may be seated now."

Recess comes and I am alone. I wish I could die. I look at myself, the jeans I have on are the only ones I own. Yesterday someone said, "Are those the only pants you have?" I nodded slowly. My mother washes on Saturdays so they will be clean for Monday. On Saturday night we bath, my father gets out the old metal grey tub and sets it in front of the stove. Hot water is added after each one of us bathes. We draw straws to see who will be first.

Last night it snowed again, the sky is like lead, dark as my mind. I see nothing, I understand nothing, I am a social outcast, a failure. I don't go home very often and no one seems to mind. I drink a lot and the men I sleep with are shapes passing in the night. Sometimes I say no and they push me down on the back seat of their car and I hear these words more than once, "What do you mean no? Am I not good enough? I'll show you how good I am." Alcohol becomes my salvation.

I quit school before grade nine is over. I move away and find a job as a waitress. I know that wherever I am it is better than where I was. I never stay long in one place, drifting from job to job and never making lasting relationships. Eventually I meet the man I will marry.

In the beginning the abuse is silent, but living with him is like writing a final exam every day of my life and never passing. He keeps me up all night, pushing, bullying me, convincing me that our problems are my fault. I sit at the table silent, I have no language. The kitchen is a grim battlefield where he has to win and I have to lose. I learned years ago that telling the truth doesn't work. I read almost constantly; with one foot on the vacuum switch and a novel in hand I'm lost in the world of fiction.

One sunny afternoon in early summer we are returning from the lake, we have just dropped our eldest son off at camp. I feel the car accelerate, I look up from my book and crossing the road ahead is a fat mother duck with seven yellow babies in a long straight line behind her.

The next morning I pick up the phone and call Mental Health. The silence has ended, language is power.

Sharon Ferguson-Hood *is forty-six, the mother of three children and single after leaving a twenty year marriage. She entered university as a mature student, graduated with a B.A. in English and is now working on a Master of Divinity at St. Andrew's College. She hopes to be ordained as a minister in the United Church.*

Arithmetic is my biggest problem. My father stands over me at the kitchen table and shouts, "How can anyone be so stupid?"

Fairbairn

your practic hands
look like his
but his only ministered abuse

perhaps he thought that
a Jewish child couldn't impede
his blessed climb toward heaven

in case God missed this incident
I supply the reverend's name

dross to gold (for Paul)

once again I return
through the difficult night
swallowing demons
as I fix for home

no more his weight across
my back
his arm seared into my neck
forcing my head down
drowning

let me hear your voice

its lode
makes songs of burdens
alchemy was always your profession

both poems by

Lynne Kositsky
Willowdale, Ontario

Coping

Anonymous

Sexual abuse affects every aspect of our being--physical, social, spiritual, emotional, academic, and personal. This is the story of one woman who has been abused by three individuals from her extended family. It is a story of suffering, pain, and fear. The abuse began at the age of seven and continued into adolescence and the teen years.

I grew up in a typical prairie community with parents and siblings. My life to age seven, when the abuse began, was also typical. My father was a labourer and my mother a housewife. Life was not idyllic, but it was a good life. I enjoyed going to school, playing with my friends in the neighbourhood, and being with my family. It was a comfortable atmosphere in which to grow up.

The first incidents didn't have an immediate effect on me as I was very young. As the abuse continued, it became harder to deal with. It was in grade three, when I was eight years old, that my life came apart. I started to feel isolated, punished for something I must have done, afraid, and worthless. I moved from a happy childhood, enjoying school and having no unusual problems into isolation, fear, and failing at school. I had been a lively, out-going child who enjoyed being with people. I became withdrawn, alone, and afraid. My parents reacted to this change with anger. They said I wasn't appreciative of what I had. They tried to figure out what was wrong, but I didn't feel they were really reaching out to me. I remained silent.

I began to find it hard to concentrate on my school work. Because of the feeling of isolation, I stopped participating in the classroom. I was afraid to ask for help when I needed it and I began to fall behind the rest of the class. I had lost my faith and the ability to trust adults. I even became embarrassed if I couldn't read new words because I felt that it was part of the punishment for being a bad person. What was happening to me must be my fault.

I was becoming very disturbed about the whole thing. I couldn't talk to my friends, my parents, my siblings, or my teachers. The teacher didn't know what was happening. My parents knew something was wrong, but didn't know how to deal with it. They simply got upset. I never got the hugs and kisses that I desperately needed. I didn't feel my parents were approachable. I felt insecure, isolated, and very alone even when I was with my family. My parents never talked about sex and I was too young to be able to bring it up with them. I'm not sure if they had the necessary knowledge

It was in grade three, when I was eight years old, that my life came apart.

Faire face

(Anonyme)

Trois hommes appartenant à ma famille élargie m'ont sexuellement agressée du moment où j'eus sept ans jusqu'à l'adolescence. Avant, j'aimais aller à l'école. Mais dès la troisième année, je commençais à me sentir isolée, punie pour quelque chose de répréhensible, apeurée et bonne à rien. Je me retirais dans ma coquille et restais seule; mes parents réagirent avec colère. J'éprouvais des difficultés à me concentrer sur mes devoirs et je ne participais plus en classe. Je me consolais auprès de mes animaux, qui me donnaient l'amour et l'attention dont j'avais tant besoin.

Je m'arrêtais d'avoir des bonnes notes à l'école, car j'estimais que je ne méritais pas de réussir. On me plaça dans une classe spéciale, mais comme l'enseignant était un homme, mes mauvais traitements me remontaient tous les jours à la mémoire. J'étais de plus en plus en queue de classe et en arrivais à la conclusion que j'étais stupide. Je finis par abandonner mes études.

Je suis à l'heure actuelle des cours de recyclage pour adultes. Il y a des jours où j'ai l'impression que je ne suis bonne à rien, mais je fais de mon mieux.

I still have days when I feel worthless and I miss school, but I am doing the best that I can.

about sex to talk to any of us. It added to the fear because I didn't understand what was happening to me. Because of this, the abuse kept on.

I found the support and understanding that I needed from my animals. Through my association with my pets, I found the attention and love that I was missing. They understood how I felt and they listened when I talked to them. If it wasn't for my pets, I don't know where I would be. At school, any time I had to write, I wrote about animals. It didn't matter what I had been assigned, I wrote about animals.

I had very large handwriting. As the abuse continued my handwriting got smaller and smaller. The teachers saw this as positive because they said my handwriting was too large and messy. I know it was a withdrawal into myself. During this time, my learning came in bits and pieces. I was often in class in body, but not in mind. I didn't care about myself, didn't do my homework, felt tired all the time, couldn't study, and failed tests. My writing and spelling skills didn't develop and I began to have serious trouble with school. I wasn't learning anything and didn't feel I could ask for help. Because of the abuse, I was afraid to go to gym class because I had to show my body. I just skipped this class. I eventually got to the point that whenever I was feeling badly about myself, I just skipped school. I began to get into trouble for skipping school and I was punished.

The teachers became frustrated with my behaviour. I was not working while at school and I missed a lot of days because I skipped. I felt I couldn't work at school because I was a bad person. I didn't deserve to do well. I had always loved going to school, but I came to believe I wasn't good enough for school and didn't deserve to be there. I stopped working. As a result, I was put into special classes. There was no time pressure and we did only short bits of learning. The first year in special class was okay, not great, just okay. My second year was very hard because I had a male teacher. I felt very nervous and insecure in this class. Having a man for a teacher reminded me daily of the abuse. I got depressed and I learned very little. I was falling farther and farther behind my school mates. This made me feel stupid and dumb. I came to believe that I couldn't learn because I was a "slow learner."

From grade four on, I know that I didn't learn what I should have. I was put from one grade to the next without learning anything. They gave me "social passes." I continued to go to school until I was in junior high. For a short time the abuse wasn't happening all the time and I again began to enjoy school. It didn't last long. The third abuser came into my life and all fears, nervousness, and isolation returned. Learning once again stood still and, finally, I quit school.

I am presently in an adult upgrading class. I still find it hard because I am still trying to deal with all of the abuse from the past. I still have days when I feel worthless and I miss school, but I am doing the best that I can. In the end I know that I will get what I want. I'll never give up!

The author of "Coping" *wishes to remain anonymous. This is the first time she has put her experience into words for anyone, including herself. It has helped her to look at what she has experienced and is a first step to dealing with it.*

Three new booklets on the subject of

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A Booklet for Adult Survivors
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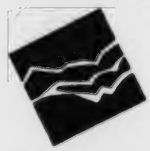

For information contact:
The Victoria Women's Sexual Assault Centre
306 - 620 View Street Victoria BC V8W 1J6
Tel: (604)383-5370 Fax: (604)383-6112

Stories from Pinegrove

These stories are by women from Pinegrove, the Saskatchewan Provincial Correctional Centre for women. Following an introduction by a woman who teaches at Pinegrove, the remainder of the stories are the voices of women who continue to be profoundly affected by violence. Listen to their eloquence. They continue to pay a high price.

Introduction
by Lavera

What is the effect of violence on education? It's time that this question was asked of society. There are many children in our school systems who are labelled as "hyper", socially retarded, with behavioral problems, etc. We have readiness classes for the children who are unable to function properly in regular classrooms. These children are not "bad kids" as many people believe. They are trying the best that they can to survive. So often they are asking for help through their behaviour.

In the stories that follow, some of the women tell us what they endured as children. They tell us why they couldn't concentrate during class time, why they didn't have time to study for exams, why they came to school hungry or tired. Even though these things happened many years ago, their memories are as clear as though they were in school yesterday.

It is not enough for us to simply read about the lives of these women. We must be willing to listen, see the need, and reach out to help.

by Debbie

I grew up in a very large family of 6 boys and 5 girls. Now that I think of it, there was always drinking. But at a young age, I really didn't understand what was going on. I can say today that my dad was an alcoholic and my mother very seldom drank. She was the one that tried to keep the family together. I only remember once my dad hitting my mom, at the time when my mom left him.

I guess there were a lot of problems, but I was too young to understand her reasons for leaving him. We moved to the city with my grandparents.

When I started to drink in school, it was because everyone was doing it. My drinking affected my school marks a great deal. Then, of course, the drugs came along. I really enjoyed this new high. I started to get into the harder drugs. They started to cost more. In order to support this habit, I started to do illegal things. That's how I came to be behind bars. But I always feel that things that happen to you happen for a reason. My coming to jail made me understand and realize what is important. I know that I have to deal with this disease I have. Also that education is important in today's society.

(continued ...)

It is not enough for us to simply read about the lives of these women. We must be willing to listen, see the need, and reach out to help.

Des histoires en provenance de Pinegrove

Ces histoires sont racontées par des détenues de Pinegrove, le Centre provincial correctionnel pour femmes de la Saskatchewan.

par Debbie

On a toujours beaucoup bu dans ma famille, mais quand j'étais jeune je ne comprenais pas ce qui se passait. J'ai commencé à boire à l'école, puis j'ai pris de la drogue, et mes notes s'en sont ressenties. Pour pouvoir acheter de l'alcool et de la drogue, je me suis mise à commettre des actes illégaux. C'est la raison pour laquelle je suis aujourd'hui derrière les barreaux. En ce moment je vais à l'école pour finir ma douzième année. Ce n'est qu'en terminant mes études que je peux espérer changer ma vie.

I'm going to school right now, trying to get my G.E.D. 12. If I had a chance to change anything in my life, it would be to finish school. Also, I'm going to tell my children that you need your education.

I want them to be the best they can. At whatever they decide to do.

We cannot think of these children as being dumb or illiterate because it's never the child's fault that they're unwilling to learn.

by Emma

Violence disrupts a child's education in many different areas. First off, a child's mind is not in tune with the surrounding of the school's normal activity. Violence, whether it may be physical or mental, is very destructive for a child. A child has different emotions going through him/her--fear, insecurity, often hunger. A child is unbalanced with these things happening. A child has to be fed to be able to function properly. A child needs to be loved, for the spiritual being of this child breaks down if this need to not taken care of.

At times children are left to fend for themselves in the morning or evening due to parents not at home, or unable to take care of themselves, let alone take care of the children. A child's mind has to adjust to negative vibes at home or even in the school yards.

Children cannot concentrate on school because the home environment is not safe and they're left unloved everyday. We cannot think of these children as being dumb or illiterate because it's never the child's fault that they're unwilling to learn at school. The home environment plays a major part in how the child's education is to progress.

par Emma

La violence bouleverse l'éducation d'un enfant de maintes façons. Un enfant ne peut se concentrer en classe quand son milieu familial comporte des dangers. Un enfant peut ressentir diverses émotions -- peur, insécurité, voire la faim. Un enfant doit être nourri pour fonctionner normalement. Il a aussi besoin d'amour. Nous ne devons pas penser que l'enfant est stupide ou illétré, car ce n'est jamais sa faute s'il ne veut rien apprendre à l'école.

by Donna

I always liked school because it was my escape from home. But we moved a lot so my studies changed a lot. When I turned 10 or 11, I began to skip school; whether out of revenge, boredom or just for attention, I'm not sure. I did very well in school so I'm sure it's all there. No one ever asked me if I had a problem at home. To me, it seemed that at least one principal thought I was just a "typical lazy Indian." He didn't like Indians much and me especially.

The things that happened at home like sexual abuse, alcohol abuse and physical abuse are now beginning to heal through a series of self help programs, Healing Circles, and some residential conferences.

There are a number of self help groups in the directory. And you could probably find a Healing Circle through Family Services.

par Donna

L'école me permettait de m'échapper de la maison. Mais nous déménagions souvent et vers l'âge de dix ans, je commençais à faire l'école buissonnière. Personne ne me demanda si j'avais des problèmes à la maison. Je pense qu'au moins un directeur pensa que j'étais «paresseuse comme tous les Indiens». Les sévices sexuels et physiques ainsi que les effets de l'alcool commencent à s'atténuer grâce à des programmes d'entraide.

by Maria

When I was between 11 and 17, I was having problems with my adopted mother. There were a lot of problems that we couldn't work out. And during some of those time when we argued, I would get sent to my room and I wouldn't be allowed out for anything but school and to eat. I would get tired of staying in my room, so I ran away. I would go stay at a friend's house, but I'd make sure I'd told my friends not to tell my mother, if she called or came to the house, that I was not there.

I'd go to school but I wouldn't be able to concentrate on my school work, I would always be worrying about how much trouble I'd get into when I got home. Sometimes I would skip school just to avoid my mother. But eventually she always found me. There were a couple of times I thought about suicide but I was never brave enough to go through with it.

My mother was not really violent but she did things to make me scared of her. One time, the only time, she told me to fight her but I didn't want to. My father was sitting on the basement steps watching us; he really didn't do anything, all he said was "Jennifer, leave her alone!" I don't think I will ever forget any of the bad memories that I have of my mother. Sometimes I hate her so much! But what can I do or say?

par Marla
De onze ans à dix-neuf ans, j'ai eu beaucoup de problèmes avec ma mère adoptive. Je ne pouvais me concentrer à l'école, car je m'inquiétais de ce qui allait se passer à la maison en rentrant. J'ai envisagé de me suicider, mais je n'ai pas eu le courage de mettre mes plans à exécution. Ma mère n'était pas violente, mais elle agissait de telle sorte que j'avais peur d'elle. Je pense que je ne pourrai jamais effacer les mauvais souvenirs que ma mère m'a laissés.

by Priscilla
I grew up in a home where there was a lot of mental abuse. I feel that it has affected my self-esteem and self worth, throughout my teen years and now in adulthood. My low self worth, I feel, is shown by my dropping out of school at the age of sixteen. I am now 25 years old and trying to begin again with my education. I find that an important part of my education is the work and repairing I have been doing with myself, on my self esteem. The two to me, very much, go together.

par Priscilla
J'ai été maltraitée mentalement pendant toute ma jeunesse. J'ai le sentiment que mon amour-propre et ma confiance en moi ont été profondément affectés pendant mon adolescence et jusqu'à l'âge adulte. Aujourd'hui, à vingt-cinq ans, j'essaie de refaire mon éducation, dont une partie importante consiste à réparer les dégâts qu'a subis ma confiance en moi. Pour moi, les deux vont de pair.

by Jocelyn
I remember when I was growing up. I grew up in a violent home, whether it was mentally, physically or sexually. I was only 6 years old when everything started. When I take time to remember what I did when I was younger, all I could remember are the bad things. Still today, it's hard for me to remember what bothered me most was the sexual abuse. Not only did my stepfather abuse me, but so did my foster father and his friends. Even in school, I had this principal who would sexually harass me. I hate them all. I hated men.

In class, I couldn't concentrate right. The subjects I took at school were O.K. but math I hate. Sometimes I wonder why. Maybe it's because my math teacher was the principal. He used to look at me, wink at me, and touch me even if I'd like to walk by; I used to skip his classes. I thought I'd get out of it but when I'd come into class later on, he'd call me to the principal's office, his office. He gave me the creeps all over. I was 14 years old when I first met him. This went on for 2 years until I finally left elementary school to go to high school. My schooling went right down. I quit when I went to high school. So now I'm back in school and I want to keep going. I'm a lot older now and I'm not going to let no one do this to me again. It affected me so much and I was always afraid. Afraid of anything or anybody.

If you notice anything of a disturbed child, please don't ignore that child. Help him or her. They are the ones who will brighten up our futures, only if we treat them right.

par Jocelyn
J'ai grandi dans un foyer plein de violence. Mon beau-père, ainsi que mon père nourricier et ses amis m'ont maltraitée. À l'école, le directeur m'a sexuellement harcelée. J'étais incapable de me concentrer. Le directeur étant mon professeur de maths, je ratais ses cours. Il m'a harcelée jusqu'à ce que j'aille à l'école secondaire. J'ai ensuite abandonné mes études..

Si vous remarquez un enfant perturbé, ne l'ignorez jamais. Aidez-le. C'est lui qui illuminera notre avenir si nous le traitons bien.

I find that an important part of my education is the work and repairing I have been doing with myself, on my self-esteem. The two to me, very much, go together.

I, Me, My

She is forty-five and afraid to speak.
Numbness oozes slowly through her body
like cake batter thickening in the heat.
Her docile homemaking hands sit
palms up, in her lap, awaiting the next rain.

Her mind is awake, contrary to popular
belief and it is knotting words together
like "nice," "pretty," "good," and "wife."
Other words being to straddle them;
"No," "Angry," "Why" --
new words like, "I," "Me," "My."
And the secret films begin to run in her brain;
her hands come alive with the feel
of his hair entwined in her fisted fingers
and she hears the thick dull sound
of his head striking the pavement,
feels the weight of his skull as she
sits docile in her yellow kitchen.

When there is no violence, there is violent silence
hanging, waiting to be pummelled into sound.
She raises her fingers to her cheekbone
to feel the purple, swollen with those words.
She has six hours till children, eight hours
to remember, to say "I," "Me," "My."

Billie Livingston
Vancouver, B.C.

Will my Hurt Go Away?

By Mary Rennie

It first started when I got married. The marriage was terrible, it was a mess. I was pregnant when I got married and I already had a child my husband didn't own. This child was never treated very good through the marriage. My husband used to try and hit my child but I would stand in the way and get hit instead. I had five children after that for my husband.

I was washing clothes one day and hanging them on a line in the kitchen to dry when my husband came in and blackened my two eyes for no reason I knew of. It seemed everything I did was wrong. He didn't like how I cooked so he would go eat at his mother's. He never helped with the kids. He would go off with other men. I cooked and cleaned and raised the children myself. If they failed in school, he blamed it on me.

I was always running away and hiding because there was always fighting and he was always trying to beat me up. My two oldest children by my husband sometimes tried to run my life. My daughter even went so far as to hit me. My son ended up in the mental hospital.

Finally, after fifteen years and many times trying to leave my husband, I made the break. I found it hard because I am on my own now. My husband, soon to be my ex-husband, is still better off than me because he has no record; he always got me to drop the charges against him. He knows it's over but still comes to my home. He seems to be trying to make up for all the bad things he did; I know it's over.

At that time there was no chance for me to improve my education. There was too much going on in the home. Now, I'm a single mother, my kids are in school and I have "free time" to work on my reading and writing.

Mary Rennie *is a 47 year old single mother with five children still at home. She lives in St John's, Nfld., and is upgrading her reading and writing at the Rabbittown Learner's Program.*

The Rabbittown Learner's Program *is a community-based literacy program which was organized and sponsored by the Rabbittown Community Association, a group formed by tenants with the Newfoundland and Labrador Housing Corporation (NLHC). A community centre which is owned and maintained by NLHC offers recreational, social and educational programs for all age groups in the St. John's North association. It serves 284 housing units; 133 are single parents households and 95% of the residents live on some form of government assistance.*

The Rabbittown Learner's Program was started in 1988 and provides irregular employment for six women--a co-ordinator, an administrative assistant and four tutors. The group organizes small fund-raising activities, but for the most part, the program is financed through Job Development

I was washing clothes one day in the kitchen when my husband came in and blackened my two eyes for no reason I knew of.

Ma souffrance disparaîtra-t-elle un jour?

par Mary Rennie

Les sévices commencèrent au moment de mon mariage. Un jour, alors que je faisais la lessive et pendais le linge, mon mari, à son retour à la maison, me fis les yeux au beurre noir. J'avais l'impression que tout ce que je faisais était mal. Je cuisinais, je nettoyais, et élevais les enfants toute seule. S'ils avaient de mauvaises notes, c'était ma faute.

Finalement, au bout de quinze ans et de maintes tentatives, je rompis la relation. J'éprouve des difficultés, car je suis seule. Mais je suis mère célibataire, mes enfants vont à l'école et je dispose d'un peu de temps libre pour perfectionner mes connaissances en lecture et en écriture.

Dealing with Residential School: The Healing Process of an Adult Child

by Elizabeth Bear

The nun would say "Everyone, recite and spell Arithmetic," so we would say outloud "A red Indian thought he might eat tobacco in church."

I was sent to residential school in 1958 when I was six, and would continue to return every September until 1968. During that ten years, I was with my parents for twenty months. That's less than two years. The only reason I was able to get away from Guy Indian Residential School was because I was expelled for my bad behaviour.

Please read my story with the understanding that I am now an adult using healthy corrective resources in my healing process. Also visualize my experiences as the child that I was. My intentions are to help you understand me. I have had to include the past with my present experiences as part of my history that needs to be healed and I have to deal with the four aspects of my being--physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual--and how they were affected by violence throughout my life.

My first year at the residential school included myself and two hundred other girls. There was absolutely no room for taking care of an individual's needs. I would experience feeling lonely and abandoned by everyone.

I really missed my family and wanted to be with them. I would often cry and be told by the nuns that I "should not cry," that crying made me "a weak person." I would witness other girls going through the same experience and some would be punished for their crying. I would see them getting the strap on their hands and told that they now had reason to cry.

My PHYSICAL SELF would be hurt so many times throughout the years. I cannot even begin to tell how many times. I learned to ignore the physical punishments that caused my physical pain. As I would be getting strapped I learned how to take myself away. I would stare straight ahead and imagine I was in the forest collecting flowers or watching a mother deer taking care of her fawn, her baby. This was my survival skill to deal with physical pain.

My EMOTIONAL SELF was then affected and I learned NOT to cry. Later in my adult life I would still not cry and for that I was emotionally crippled and would convince people that I was tough. I would not let anyone know that my feelings were hurt either by their actions or words but I would then hurt them back with my actions or words and mostly in words because I knew that it would have a longer lasting effect on them.

Now, how did I know that? I experienced physical, emotional and verbal abuse repeatedly in the residential school system and I learned this as a child; as an adult I used it in a negative

L'internat : le processus de guérison

par Elizabeth Bear

J'ai été en pension de six à seize ans. Au cours de ces dix années, je n'ai passé en tout que vingt mois avec mes parents. Ma famille me manquait et je pleurais souvent. Les religieuses me disaient de ne pas pleurer et je me rendais compte que d'autres petites filles étaient physiquement punies lorsqu'elles se laissaient aller à pleurer.

Pendant ces dix années, j'ai été profondément blessée physiquement, mais j'apprenais à ne pas faire attention à mes douleurs. Sur le plan affectif, j'ai également été blessée car je refoulais mes larmes et n'exprimais pas mes sentiments. Mentalement, j'étais aussi conditionnée puisqu'on me répétait tous les jours que les miens étaient des sauvages, des gens sales car ils étaient Indiens. La douleur et les préceptes de la religion catholique dont on me nourrissait de force étouffèrent ma vie spirituelle. Aujourd'hui, je suis sur la voie de la guérison et je veux tirer parti de mes compétences pour aider autrui.

manner because I was hurting inside.

I was in grade four when I learned how to spell and do arithmetic every day. It was almost a ritual and this is how my arithmetic class started. The nun would say "Everyone, recite and spell Arithmetic," so we would say outloud "A red Indian thought he might eat tobacco in church." Eating or chewing tobacco was dirty, and doing it in church was being disrespectful, was the message.

My MENTAL SELF was affected by this as I perceived this message to mean I was dirty, I was disrespectful, because I was an Indian.

The constant reminder that I was in residential school because I was an Indian and I was to learn to be a civilized person and not be a savage like my ancestors affected the way I thought about myself.

Geography and History classes were used to continue this reminder. I hated both classes but I also tried hard to forget. I would do colourful maps, draw animals, children playing around their mothers and other people sitting around the campfire. I never did believe what I read in the History books.

For all my years at the residential school, I had Catechism classes and did my daily prayers every morning and every night. When I talk about my SPIRITUAL SELF it has nothing to do with religion. My spiritual self is my spirit to feel, to understand, to relate, to experience and to be my self.

My spirit was deadened by all the pain I endured as a child.

As a university student, I began my healing process to deal with the "Mission School Syndrome": I turned my negativism into positive energy. My healing process has been remembering my childhood and adolescent years and being aware of my behaviours and feelings. It hasn't been an easy process, remembering is very painful and learning to accept the positive and negative experiences is very hard.

Today, I share my experiences with openness and no regrets. I accept all experiences as part of my lifelong learning process.

Education is also part of learning and I know that in order for an individual to be an effective member in society and to be able to survive in the mainstream workforce, one has to have a good, acceptable education level.

It is my desire and intent to use my skills to help my people.

Antoinette Martens

I am a Canadian Native Woman and proud of my culture.

Elizabeth Bear *is a Cree Native from the Mathias Comomb Band of Pukatawagan, Manitoba. She graduated from Brandon University with a B.A. in Native Studies and Human Services and in 1990 received a Diploma in Human Resource Development. Presently, she is one of the project co-ordinators for the Meyoyawin (Healing) Circle. This program helps women in the community and at the Pinegrove Correctional Centre to deal with violence that has affected their lives. She is helping her Sisters.*

I am a Canadian Native Woman and proud of my culture.

Taking it Day by Day

by Loralee Elliot

I don't remember my father ever caring about how I did in school. All he cared about was that the house was clean and his supper was on the table as soon as he walked in the door.

I was working with CCLOW on a grant when I heard that they were doing a special issue on violence against women and how it affects their education. I am in my late twenties and only have a grade ten education because of the violence in my home, so I thought I could write an article about my past.

I am a survivor of childhood sexual abuse. I lived alone with my biological father. Because we moved around a lot and I wasn't allowed friends over or to go to their house, I didn't get much support or even acknowledgement that what was going on at my house was wrong.

I've never spent an entire year in one, let alone two, schools. I would miss three or four days at a time and then return with bruises, but no one ever cautioned my father about it. I always found it hard to keep up with the class; between moving from province to province and missing time, I was lost. I know now I missed important parts of my education. My seven year old son can spell better than I can.

I always found it hard to think in class. I was a very shy and distant child, always in a world of my own; I would be worrying about what I forgot to do at home and if Leonard (my biological father) would be pulling a surprise inspection when he got home. I don't remember him ever caring about my marks or how I did in school, all he cared about was that the house was clean and that his supper was on the table as soon as he walked in the door. He would never look at my report cards, he would just sign them.

At nine, I took my first overdose. Two more would follow when I was 11 and 13. The doctors would put me on anti-depressants, because all I would tell them is that I didn't ask to be born and that I didn't want to live. We would always move after I spent any time in a hospital. I can't remember ever seeing any social workers at the places we lived.

By the time I started high school, I was spending most of my time stoned, not really caring what happened to me or who was doing it. I skipped most of my classes, but there was one class I would go to--my graphic arts class. My teacher was Mr. Berry. He was an alcoholic and would drink in class but he was different, not like Leonard; he would trust me to work on some of his paying jobs (my school would do work for outside businesses).

I liked working in the darkroom all by myself, there I could be alone. In there, I could forget about my real life and imagine that I was living in my own house with no one around me. I wouldn't be scared and no one would touch me any more.

I also remember my grade ten math teacher; he was a sick man. At the time my last

Au jour le jour

par Loralee Elliot

J'approche de la trentaine et n'ai que le niveau de la dixième année en raison de la violence qui régnait dans ma famille. Je suis une survivante de sévices sexuels subis dans l'enfance. Je n'ai jamais fréquenté une école pendant une année complète, encore moins pendant deux. Je retournais à l'école après trois ou quatre jours d'absence le corps meurtri d'hématomes, mais personne ne posa jamais une seule question à mon père à ce sujet. Je sais que j'ai raté une grande partie de mon éducation. L'orthographe de mon fils, qui a sept ans, est meilleure que la mienne.

À l'époque où j'entrais à l'école secondaire, je prenais déjà beaucoup de drogue et me moquais de ce qui pouvait m'arriver. Une nuit, au début de ma onzième année, je m'enfuis de chez moi pour de bon. Je m'arrêtais à Winnipeg où je m'inscrivis dans une école. Mais, comme je travaillais la nuit, j'avais du mal à garder mes yeux ouverts en classe. J'abandonnais mes études, car je ne pouvais quitter mon emploi. J'espère qu'un jour je pourrai régler mon passé. Pour le moment, je me contente de prendre la vie au jour le jour.

name was Macdonald and he would always make references about Big Mac's and my breasts.

I remember the night that I left home for good. I was just starting grade eleven and one night, before Leonard came home, I left the house to meet some kids in my class at the rollerskating rink. When Leonard came home and found me gone, he knew where I was because I had called to ask to go; he had said no, but I had gone anyway. When he reached the rink, I was outside talking to a girl named Laura. I told her we would drive her home. I knew that would hold off my beating for a little while; he would never touch me in front of a witness. He was driving a company truck and was drunk as usual. He drove the wrong way down a one way street and got pulled over.

The cop drove Laura and me to her house and asked her mother if she would let me stay the night. Her mom said yes. That was to the be the last time I would see Leonard until my early twenties. I was to go to school the next day and then go back to Leonard's house. I went to school but I didn't go to my classes. I went to the office and told the secretary that I needed a transfer letter right away and that I was going to live with my mother. She gave me the transfer and then I ran to the house and grabbed a backpack and filled it with some clothes and some money from Leonard's dresser.

I next thing I knew I was in a truck on my way out west. I didn't know where I would end up, but all I could think about was that I was free. My first stop was Winnipeg. I did enrol in school there but by April of that year I was falling asleep in class and not doing a good job at work (I had a night job). So I quit school because I couldn't quit my job. I hope that someday I can work out my past, but I take it day by day.

Loralee Elliot *is a single mother living in Toronto. She is currently employed by CCLOW as a Wordprocessor/Secretary.*

I remember the night I left home for good. I was just starting grade eleven.

Antoinette Martens

Running to the neighbours for help.

I Promise I'll Love You Forever

by Patty Herriot

She could smell the alcohol on his breath as he pulled her into the room. What now, she thought, what now?

The only light came from the small crack under the door and was quickly consumed by the darkness. The air smelled of fear. Something brushed up against the little girl's face. Her heart pounded in her chest as she felt the panic wash quickly over her body and take over her mind. She heard the man, who was on the other side of the door, shift his weight to get into a more comfortable position. She knew it would be a while before she got out.

"Please open the door, Daddy."

. . . Silence.

" It's dark in here... I'm scared."

. . . Nothing.

"I love you, Daddy. I promise I'll love you forever." Slowly, as the tears coursed down her cheeks and fell silently to the floor, the little girl slid down the wall, sat on the floor, and rested her head on her knees.

As she gently slid her small hand into the hand of the man beside her, she turned her trusting, loving face towards him and smiled. It was as though the times she was locked in the closet never existed--except for the nightmares in her sleep.

"Do you think, Daddy, that when I go to school I'll get smart?" Why do I ask that? she thought. The answer was always the same.

"Nope, you're gonna be stupid. Just like your old man."

"I don't think you're stupid, Daddy."

"Of course not. I'm smarter than you."

It wasn't always negative. There were days when an outsider would have thought that the man truly loved that little girl. There were times of smiles and laughter, friendship and joy, and times of love. There were picnics and promises that were kept. There were happy times that the little girl clung to as she was growing up. But then there were times that made the little girl cringe. Times when she wondered if anyone would ever love her.

She could smell the alcohol on his breath as he pulled her into the room. What now, she thought, what now?

"Come sit beside your daddy." She obediently sat down on the space he was patting, and looked up at him with large, sad eyes.

"Pretty soon I'm going away." Oh, that was all. That was okay. He was gone a lot, with his job, but mostly on drinking binges although the girl was too young to totally comprehend this. The man watched her carefully and he wasn't pleased with her response to his news.

"Pretty soon your mother is going away." Ah, the reaction he seemed to need. Her eyes filled with tears.

Je te promets que je t'aimerai toujours

par Patty Herriot

Je n'ai pas toujours été négative. Il y avait des moments où on aurait pu penser que l'homme était vraiment attachée à la petite fille. Mais à d'autres moments il lui racontait par exemple que toute sa famille allait mourir et la laisser seule et il allait même jusqu'à enregistrer ses réactions de panique pour les faire écouter ensuite à ses copains devant un verre. Elle lui promit de l'aimer à tout jamais, espérant ainsi que les abus cesseraient.

Elle détestait l'école et se trouvait stupide. Elle veillait très souvent et se lia d'amitié avec le concierge qui lui donna l'impression d'être aimée et désirée. Il lui promit de lui montrer la salle de bains des garçons, mais le jour où il le fit, elle se souvient d'y être entrée mais ne se rappelle que vaguement en être sortie.

Elle trouva un certain réconfort dans la musique, où elle se découvrit un talent inné. Mais son père sapa tellement sa confiance en elle qu'elle n'arriva jamais à croire qu'elle avait des dons. Puis un jour, son père mourut. Elle se rendit alors compte que même dans la mort il avait encore le pouvoir de terrifier la petite fille qui dormait en elle.

"Where is she going?"

Without answering her question, he went right on playing with her young emotions.

"Pretty soon all your brothers and sisters are going away."

"No!" The word was ripped from her very heart. The man smiled. This was good. This was power.

"Pretty soon I'm going to die." The look on the young girl's face registered shock, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Pretty soon your mother is going to die." He was so intent on her reaction. The more her anguish showed the more he turned the knife.

"Pretty soon all your brothers and sisters are going to die and you'll be all alone. Oh yes, you'll be all by yourself. Alone." She was crying uncontrollably now. Tears and incoherent words mixed with the anguish in her heart. He just laughed as he pulled the tape recorder out from under the pillow. This would be good for a joke with his drinking buddies.

She hated school. She had waited so long to go to school and yet she hated it. She was so stupid. She couldn't do anything right, nothing ever turned out. The little girl was convinced that she did not belong, she did not fit in with the rest of the children. And so she carried herself as though her very being was unworthy of even looking at another person.

That little girl did not do well in school, and had to stay after school quite often. She became quite friendly with the janitor who was always last to leave.

"This will be our own little secret," the janitor smiled at her. "Give me a little kiss." And his hand roamed down her small back to her buttocks. Was this love? Maybe someone did love her after all. She spent a lot of time with the janitor. It felt good when she was with him, loved and wanted. But when she wasn't with him she felt wrong and guilty. The feeling of being loved was too great to give up and so she kept on seeing him. No one knew. She wouldn't tell a soul, after all it was their own little secret.

"If you're good I'll show you the boys' bathroom." Elation. He must love her, she thought, if he was going to show her so sacred a place. An area that was taboo. She would be good, very good. She didn't want to lose this feeling. But alas, when the time came, she remembered going into the boys' bathroom, she barely remembered coming out. What was in there, or what happened while she was in there she could not remember. Perhaps it was for the best.

I love you, Daddy. I promise I'll love you forever.

That little girl grew into a young woman. A woman with talents, but she would not recognize those talents. A woman with strengths, but she would not acknowledge those strengths. And during those growing years the man, who was her father, became increasingly dependent on her for power, love and protection. He took from her, and gave nothing in return except her feelings of self loathing.

"This will be our own little secret," the janitor smiled at her. "Give me a little kiss."

Antoinette Martens

Pa showing my tan.

"You're never gonna make it." The smell of alcohol overwhelmed her. "You're too unstable. No good."

As she grew, that little girl found her soul in music. Her talent, as her being, grew and blossomed into a thing of beauty. When her hands graced a piano it came to life. The people around her loved to sit and listen as the music poured forth. She attended many recitals, but was never convinced of her talent.

"You're never gonna make it." The smell of alcohol overwhelmed her. "You're too unstable. No good."

Antoinette Martens

It would always be like this. But then he was gone--wiped out as if he had never existed. The only mark he left were the scars on the heart and soul of his little girl. And as they lowered him in the ground, a soft whisper floated gently past the few bowed heads.

"I love you, Daddy. I promise I'll love you forever."

Time passed and the young woman buried herself more and more into her music. Friends urged her to audition for a place in a major musical that was to rehearse in that city. It took a long time to finally convince her that her talent was worthy so great an aspiration. She had to be escorted to the audition, but could not be accompanied inside as it was open only to the musicians.

She slowly mounted the stairs and entered the building. Applications were handed out just inside the door. She took one, walked over to an empty table, and sat down. The young woman fidgeted a bit before she picked up the pen. She filled out the application and went over to stand in line and await her turn. As she slowly looked around, the feelings of self doubt started in her stomach and quickly grew to encompass her entire being. Sweat broke out on her forehead, and her hands began to shake. The application paper rattled noisily in her hand causing many of the other occupants in the room to turn and look at her. Oh God, she thought, what am I doing here. I can't do this.

The door closed behind her with a barely audible click, and the application paper floated gently towards the street. Even in death the man had to power to close the door and leave the frightened little girl, who was now contained inside the woman, once more alone in the dark. And yet again those words echoed in the recesses of her mind.

"I love you Daddy. I promise I'll love you forever."

Patty Herriot *is a Metis and mother of two. She is in her third year of the Saskatchewan Urban Native Teacher Education Program in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.*

Briser le silence en milieu pédagogique

par Jeannine M. Ouellette

Au fur et à mesure que nous dévoilons les visages cachés du vécu des femmes, la violence occupe une place de plus en plus dérangeante et indéniable. Le slogan lancé par les féministes dans les années soixante-dix, «le privé est politique» évoquait l'urgence et le besoin d'abattre le mur du silence qui avait maintenu jusque-là les femmes et les filles violentées dans un état d'isolement nourri par la peur des représailles et des jugements portés contre elles. Heureusement, dans le contexte social actuel, nous discutons plus ouvertement de la problématique de la violence masculine et nous reconnaissons de plus en plus le droit absolu des femmes de vivre une vie sans violence et libre de contraintes.

Nous constatons toutefois que plusieurs facettes de cette problématique n'ont pas encore été suffisamment explorées, notamment l'impact de la violence exercée contre les femmes dans le milieu pédagogique. Quels problèmes peuvent exister pour les femmes violentées lorsque celles-ci sont guidées par des hommes dans leurs projets d'apprentissage? Ainsi, cet article tente d'examiner quelques aspects de la relation professeur (homme)/étudiante (femme) afin de mettre en lumière certains problèmes vécus par des femmes qui ont été, ou sont victimes de violence masculine.

Parmi les femmes qui suivent des cours, certaines peuvent être survivantes d'inceste ou d'un viol ou encore habiter avec un homme violent.

L'étudiante adulte : l'importance d'une vision holistique

Toute femme joue un rôle dans la formation de sa personnalité et de son identité, mais plusieurs forces (historiques, sociologiques, familiales et culturelles) agissent également sur l'ensemble des femmes et exercent une forte influence sur la façon dont elles se perçoivent. Chaque femme se compose donc de diverses «parties», qui rassemblées, lui confèrent son identité propre. Il ne faut pas négliger le fait que parmi ces diverses «parties», il peut y avoir des «parties blessées». Ces blessures peuvent lui avoir été

Breaking the pedagogical silence

by Jeannine M. Ouellette

The impact of violence can be felt in a variety of ways by women in a learning situation: the environment itself may stir up painful memories; the attitudes of male professors may make a student feel like a victim; women may be silent and submissive in the face of masculine authority as a result of their experiences with violence; the problem of sexual harassment by a professor may be compounded by the resemblance of this situation to one of incest.

Because of their experience of violence, women often internalize negative messages about their personal worth, their social status, and their rights as a person and a woman. In a classroom, these messages often translate into a paralysing fear of claiming the right to speak and to take up physical space, and contribute directly to the silencing of women. Among any women who are taking a course, some may be survivors of incest or of rape; others may be living with a partner who is violent. It is important to remember that these experiences cannot be deposited at the door of a classroom and they will influence, consciously or unconsciously, the manner in which a student learns.

In order that women regain their dignity, and have the opportunity to expand their capacity to learn, educational institutions must help break the cycle of silence and demystify masculine authority, partly by including knowledge by and about women in all curriculum. Knowledge itself must also be redefined as incomplete, dynamic and alive.

Canadian university statistics show that women now make up the majority of the student population. For a healthy and constructive learning environment, we cannot continue to ignore the lived reality of women's lives.

Les femmes qui ont ainsi appris à se méfier de l'autorité masculine peuvent se heurter à des difficultés dans des situations pédagogiques où elles doivent exprimer leurs pensées et être évaluées par un professeur mâle.

infligées dans l'enfance, à l'adolescence ou à l'âge adulte. Elles se fondent au bagage personnel des femmes et contribuent à former leur concept de soi, en tant que femme, et en tant qu'apprenante (self-as-learner). Il est important de souligner que ce bagage n'est pas déposé à la porte d'une salle de classe et qu'il influence, de manière consciente ou inconsciente, les projets d'apprentissage des étudiantes adultes et leur rapport général au savoir (1).

On discute plus amplement de la violence faite aux femmes, mais hormis quelques exceptions, ce discours est relégué en marge de la société. Jusqu'à présent, peu d'efforts ont été déployés pour mesurer les conséquences et les répercussions de la violence dans toutes les sphères d'activités humaines (par exemple : le milieu de travail, le milieu d'apprentissage, le milieu religieux). Même les campus universitaires, qui, par définition, sont des lieux d'épanouissement intellectuel et de formation professionnelle, ne sont pas nécessairement des endroits où les femmes sont en sécurité. Le viol par une connaissance et le harcèlement sexuel représentent deux formes de violence dont les femmes sont victimes sur les campus, celles-ci risquant d'appauvrir la qualité des apprentissages et de la vie en général des étudiantes (2).

L'impact de la violence sur la situation pédagogique : le vécu des femmes passé sous silence

Les femmes qui survivent à la violence masculine doivent surmonter plusieurs barrières afin de se développer pleinement au niveau personnel, professionnel, intellectuel et social. À cause de leurs expériences de violence, elles ont tendance à intérioriser des messages négatifs vis-à-vis de leur valeur propre, de leur statut dans la société et de leurs droits en tant que femmes. Elles peuvent apprendre que les hommes représentent l'autorité dans une culture conditionnée par une société de type patriarcal. Ceci est confirmé lorsqu'elles sont victimes de violence physique, psychologique, émotionnelle ou sexuelle aux mains d'un homme qui abuse de son pouvoir et de sa force physique. Elles apprennent alors que les hommes qui détiennent l'autorité peuvent en abuser dans le but de les dominer ou de les faire taire. Elles apprennent également que leur parole de femme n'a pas beaucoup de poids dans un système judiciaire clément à l'égard des agresseurs (3). Dans le contexte d'une salle de classe, cela peut se traduire en une hésitation, voire en une peur, de réclamer son espace physique et le droit à la parole. Parfois, le milieu contribue directement au mutisme des femmes, comme en témoignent Lewis et Simon :

... all men can benefit in some way from belonging to the dominant group. In the context of our course this meant that the men were allowed to speak at length--and did. Their speaking was seldom if ever interrupted. When a women and a man began speaking at the same time, the woman always deferred to the man. Women's speaking was often reinterpreted by the men through phrases such as "what she really means..." (4).

La voix autoritaire d'un professeur, dans un contexte condescendant, peut créer un malaise chez certaines femmes et raviver des sentiments d'insécurité personnelle. Le ton même de la voix peut parfois déclencher de mauvais souvenirs et un état de panique intérieure où la femme se sent menacée par l'autorité masculine (5).

Cependant, chaque traumatisme est vécu différemment. Chaque victime apprend donc à maîtriser sa peur selon ses capacités et ses ressources et chemine sur la voie de la guérison à son propre rythme. Parmi les femmes qui suivent des cours, certaines peuvent être survivantes d'inceste ou d'un viol ou encore habiter avec un homme violent. Selon le contexte dans lequel elles vivent (ressources, support), elles en seront à des étapes différentes et elles réagiront au mécanisme de déclenchement en fonction de leur état psychologique et émotif actuel.

L'impact de la violence est également vécu au niveau de la pensée, comme le laissent entendre les résultats d'une recherche menée par Belenky, Clinchy, Goldberger et Tarule et publiés en 1986 dans Women's Ways of Knowing: The Development of Self, Voice, and Mind (6). Les auteures ont interviewé 135 femmes venant d'un milieu social différent et n'ayant ni la même éducation, ni la même culture pour mieux cerner les éléments qui caractérisent l'évolution intellectuelle des femmes adultes.

Selon Belenky et al., la manière dont les femmes accèdent à la connaissance découle en grande partie des expériences vécues au sein de leur famille d'origine. C'est à ce niveau que l'impact de la violence sur l'évolution intellectuelle prend toute sa signification. Belenky et al. ont noté que les femmes réduites au silence (de cinq positions épistémologiques possibles : le silence, la position bancaire, la position subjectiviste, la position méthodique et la position constructiviste) avaient toutes vécu dans des familles violentes dans le passé (7). Pendant leur enfance, ces femmes avaient appris que les mots étaient des armes dangereuses et que le silence était l'un, sinon l'unique moyen de protection dont elles disposaient. A l'âge adulte, ces femmes ne se perçoivent pas comme des personnes capables d'apprendre, ni par elles-mêmes, ni auprès des autres. Elles sont enfermées dans un mur de silence tant au niveau extérieur (échanges limités avec les autres) qu'au niveau intérieur (peu d'introspection).

Les femmes qui ont ainsi appris à se méfier de l'autorité masculine peuvent se heurter à des difficultés dans des situations pédagogiques où elles doivent exprimer leurs pensées et être évaluées par un professeur mâle. Leur participation au cours peut être limitée en fonction de leur peur d'être critiquées, voire ridiculisées, dans certains contextes. Certaines étudiantes choisissent le silence comme porte de sortie tel qu'en témoignent les propos suivants, recueillis dans le cadre d'un cours offert au niveau diplômé :

I haven't got the right language so I always feel like a dummy. I don't really want to talk because if I do they (the men) will realize how stupid I am.

I've talked a few times, but nothing I say seems to make a difference. What I say never gets taken up. It's like I hadn't said anything. So I've given up. Why bother? (8)

L'ambiguité des rapports incestueux vécus dans la famille d'origine peut également générer des difficultés et une certaine confusion chez les femmes adultes au niveau de leurs rapports avec des hommes en position d'autorité. La relation de pouvoir, exercée pendant l'enfance, était teintée de séduction, de manipulation parfois subtile, parfois agressive. Il est également possible que de la tendresse se soit mêlée aux rapports incestueux, laissant la jeune fille pour le moins confuse face à son agresseur. Ainsi, même à l'âge adulte, les survivantes d'inceste peuvent vivre un malaise vis-à-vis du renforcement lorsque celui-ci provient d'un homme en position d'autorité. C'est le cas, par exemple, d'une situation où le rapport professeur/étudiante est marqué par le harcèlement sexuel.

Le harcèlement sexuel est une réalité vécue en milieu universitaire qui peut profondément transformer les rapports entre les professeurs et les étudiantes et reproduire un type de relation violente semblable, à certains égards, aux rapports incestueux. Dans de telles situations, le climat d'apprentissage est malsain en raison du secret, de la menace, de la séduction et des promesses de renforcement qui caractérisent les échanges.

Ainsi, l'impact de la violence faite aux femmes peut être vécu à divers niveaux dans la situation pédagogique : 1) le milieu peut déclencher des souvenirs douloureux (surtout si une étudiante fut victime d'une agression sur le campus), 2) les comportements ou les attitudes des professeurs mâles peuvent ramener l'étudiante à un état de victime face à l'autorité masculine, 3) les expériences de violence ont enseigné aux femmes à garder le silence et à se soumettre à l'autorité masculine, et 4) il peut exister un malaise vis-à-vis du renforcement de la part d'un homme en position d'autorité, surtout si celui-ci exibe des comportements rappelant les agressions sexuelles.

Le harcèlement sexuel est une réalité vécue en milieu universitaire qui peut profondément transformer les rapports entre les professeurs et les étudiantes.

Briser le silence en milieu pédagogique : l'importance de démystifier l'autorité masculine

Les expériences de violence marquent de manière négative le développement cognitif et psychosocial des femmes à plusieurs niveaux. Par exemple, la confiance en soi peut être diminuée, le concept de soi déstabilisé, l'image de soi déformée et l'estime de soi appauvrie... bref, la violence attaque la personne dans ce qu'elle a de plus vulnérable, sa valeur propre. Dans un cas de violence, la victime ne contrôle généralement pas la situation. Pour des raisons évidentes (la menace de mort, la douleur physique, la terreur psychologique), la victime de violence est privée de ses droits et, par

L'approache pédagogique doit démystifier l'autorité masculine en endossant une définition du savoir comme étant inachevé, dynamique et vivant.

conséquent, éprouve des difficultés à se protéger. Il peut en résulter un sentiment de méfiance à l'égard de sa capacité d'agir qui se matérialise à d'autres contextes, dont la situation d'apprentissage. Il devient essentiel que les victimes de violence réapprennent à se faire confiance.

Le milieu pédagogique peut jouer un rôle important à ce niveau en adoptant des méthodes d'enseignement qui invitent les apprenantes à jouer un rôle actif dans la démarche d'acquisition du savoir. Il faut d'abord reconnaître que dans une société patriarcale, les femmes ont été historiquement exclues des cercles de pouvoir et qu'elles n'ont pu par conséquent participer activement à l'élaboration des théories et aux définitions des concepts. Selon Claudie Solar, l'éducation est essentiellement organisée, gérée et contrôlée par des hommes, d'où le «caractère masculin de l'éducation» (9). Le savoir transmis est un savoir qui, au départ, fut construit par et pour les hommes, d'où l'importance pour les femmes d'interroger le savoir traditionnel : «...le pouvoir définit le savoir. Le savoir du pouvoir est celui du groupe dominant, celui qui permet de maintenir sa domination et, par conséquent, de maintenir les dominés à leur place» (10).

Pour que les femmes retrouvent leur place et leur dignité, pour qu'elles puissent augmenter leur capacité d'agir, il est essentiel que le savoir soit de type libérateur et non pas de type bancaire. Les établissements d'enseignement doivent aider les femmes à briser le cycle du silence, lequel perpétue l'omission d'un savoir sur elles et par elles. Pour ce faire, l'approche pédagogique doit démystifier l'autorité masculine en endossant une définition du savoir comme étant inachevé, dynamique et vivant.

L'étudiante doit pouvoir étudier et apprendre dans un contexte qui permet une interaction entre le savoir théorique--celui transmis par les professeur(e)s et les auteur(e)s--et le savoir d'expérience--celui que l'étudiante possède déjà sur la matière à l'étude (11). Selon Artaud, le processus de «re-création du savoir» est une méthodologie de l'enseignement qui a comme fondement le principe suivant : l'expérience de l'étudiante est le lieu où s'élabore un premier savoir et c'est également le lieu de la recréation du savoir. Le recours à l'expérience de l'étudiante se fait non pas dans le but de confirmer la théorie, mais dans celui de permettre une interaction réelle entre la théorie, l'expérience et la personnalité de l'étudiante. Il ne s'agit pas de remplacer le savoir théorique avec le savoir d'expérience. Il importe plutôt que l'étudiante puisse d'abord mettre à jour son propre savoir sur un sujet à l'étude pour ensuite consulter le savoir scientifique dans le but de confirmer, corriger ou compléter son savoir d'expérience. La possibilité de remettre en question le savoir transmis afin de permettre la découverte d'une autorité propre à soi est d'une valeur inestimable auprès des femmes comme le suggère le commentaire suivant :

It can be argued, of course, that students need models of impeccable reasoning, that it is through imitating such models that students learn to reason. But none of the women we interviewed named this sort of learning as a powerful experience in their own lives. They did mention the deflation of authority as a powerful learning experience (12).

Conclusion

Dans sa planification et sa mise en oeuvre, l'éducation doit respecter la vocation ontologique de l'être humain tout en tenant compte des conditions concrètes dans lesquelles chaque individu évolue. «La vocation de l'être humain est de devenir sujet, capable de connaître le monde et le transformer» (13). Les femmes qui apprendront à aborder l'apprentissage, non pas dans un esprit de soumission mais bien dans un esprit de reconstruction, seront mieux outillées pour briser le cycle de dépendance sur l'autorité masculine. En brisant le cycle de la peur et du silence, elles pourront reprendre le contrôle de leur vie, y compris le contrôle de leur processus d'apprentissage. Les professeurs doivent relever le défi posé par une telle approche et le milieu universitaire doit reconnaître que l'omission du savoir sur les femmes perpétue le cycle de violence :

... physical and psychological abuse are part of a continuum, and in so far as education encourages women to feel inadequate to certain tasks, to feel powerless--to lack faith in themselves--it contributes to the continuum. It locks the doors to escape as surely as the battering partner does (14).

Finalement, il est important de souligner que «prendre sa place» en tant que femme dans une société patriarcale est difficile en soi et la violence vient certainement amplifier cette difficulté. Présentement, les statistiques du milieu universitaire canadien suggèrent que les femmes représentent la majorité de la population étudiante. Parmi cette majorité se trouvent de nombreuses survivantes et de nombreuses victimes. Nous ne pouvons continuer à ignorer leur réalité. Nous devons collectivement identifier les moyens pour contrer la violence faite aux femmes et prendre des mesures pour aider les femmes qui, malgré les cicatrices et les blessures, traversent leur peur et investissent dans leur avenir.

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1. Il faut noter que l'impact de la violence se fait déjà sentir en bas âge car un pourcentage important d'enfants en difficultés d'apprentissage ont été violentés dans leur famille d'origine.

2. Une étude conduite à Cornell University en 1986 a révélé qu'au niveau diplômé, 61 % des étudiantes qui ont participé au sondage, disent avoir été victimes de harcèlement sexuel tandis que 12 % ont évité de suivre un cours avec des professeurs qui avaient la réputation de harceler les étudiantes. (Smithson, Isaiah (1990). "Introduction: Investigating Gender, Power and Pedagogy." dans S.L. Gabriel & I. Smithson (eds.), *Gender in the Classroom: Power and Pedagogy*. Chicago: University of Illinois Press.)

3. Plusieurs exemples récents illustrent cette tendance dans le système judiciaire dont les cas de Anita Hill et Clarence Thomas, de Patricia Bowman et William Kennedy Smith et le cas à l'Univeristé Queen's (Kingston, Ontario) où Robert Van Oostrom fut trouvé non-coupable d'agression sexuelle malgré le fait que trois femmes ont témoigné contre lui.

4. Lewis, Magda & Simon, Roger I. (1986). "A Discourse Not Intended For Her: Learning and Teaching Within Patriarchy". *Harvard Educational Review* 56(4).

5. Il faut bien comprendre que, dans le contexte pédagogique, l'autorité masculine est incarnée non seulement par le professeur mâle mais par les collègues mâles dans la salle de classe et les auteurs mâles à l'étude.

6. Belenky, Mary F., Clinchy, Blythe M., Goldberger, Nancy R. & Tarule Jill M. (1986). *Women's Ways of Knowing: The Development of Self, Voice, and Mind.* New York: Basic Books, Inc. (Voir aussi «Les méthodes d'apprentissage des femmes» WEdf 7(2), p.10.)

7. La traduction des termes sont de l'auteure.

8. Lewis and Simon, p.466.

9. Solar, Claudie (1985) «Le caractère masculin de l'éducation.» *Revue des sciences de léducation*. 112, 277-294.

10. Solar, Claudie (1990) «Le savoir du pouvoir/le pouvoir du savoir.» *Médium sciences humaines*. 37, 14-16.

11. Artaud, Gérard (1985). *La re-création du savoir*. Ottawa : Éditions de l'Université d'Ottawa.

12. Belenky et al., p.216.

13. Arriola-Socol, Merardo (1989) «L'impact d'une expérience éducative sur la conscience critique.» *Revue des sciences de l'éducation*. 15(1), 83-101.

14. Smithson, p.6.

En brisant le cycle de la peur et du silence, les femmes pourront reprendre le contrôle de leur vie, y compris le contrôle de leur processus d'apprentissage.

Unwelcome Attentions: Learning NOT To Live With Harassment

by Jessica Slights

Psychological harassment is a prevalent form of sexual violence against women and its invisibility makes it a particularly insidious form.

While there is an increased awareness about the prevalence of physical violence against women these days, psychological violence is seldom acknowledged or discussed in our society. Despite the new interest in sexual harassment generated by the high profile Hill-Thomas hearings in the U.S., there is little information available about what constitutes harassment, how it affects the women who are its victims, and what our institutions--our schools and universities in particular--are doing to prevent it. This lack of information is due in part, I suspect, to the difficulty in defining sexual harassment.

Obviously sexual harassment involves unwanted attention of a sexual nature, a broad category covering everything from bum patting to sexual assault. People often try to complicate matters by suggesting that what is considered harassment by some people may be flirtation to others. My response is that the interpretation of an action must lie with its recipient--only she can know if it is unwelcome or unwanted.

My experiences at two well-known Canadian universities suggest to me that psychological harassment is a prevalent form of sexual violence against women and that its invisibility makes it a particularly insidious form. Like many other crimes against women, usually sexual harassment goes unreported. During my undergraduate years, I was involved with women's issues at the student government level, and while employment equity and date rape were hot topics, sexual harassment of the psychological variety was seldom mentioned. Again I emphasize that this is not because it wasn't happening.

It is a complex problem, but I would argue that much of the responsibility for this inattention falls on university administrators. Too

(continued on page 34)

Des attentions importunes ou apprendre à vivre en n'acceptant PAS de se faire harceler

par Jessica Slights

On ne détient que très peu de renseignements sur ce qui constitue la violence psychologique contre les femmes et sur ce que nos écoles et universités font pour l'éviter. Trop d'établissements refusent de reconnaître le caractère généralisé de la violence dans les campus car ils craignent de perdre des subventions ou d'être la cible d'une publicité défavorable.

À l'époque où je présidais un comité sur la condition féminine à l'Université Queen's, comité qui organisait une campagne sur le viol commis par une connaissance s'intitulant NON signifie NON, les étudiants réagirent en couvrant les fenêtres des dortoirs d'immenses affiches sur lesquelles on lisait : «Non veut dire qu'il faut leur donner des coups de pied dans les dents» et d'autres messages tout aussi insultants. Mais il fallut attendre que l'incident fasse la une des nouvelles dans les médias pour que l'administration reconnaisse qu'il existait un problème et prenne des mesures contre les étudiants.

De plus, lorsque je fus l'infortunée victime d'attentions sexuelles importunes de la part d'un étudiant, je me rendis compte que mon établissement et bien d'autres se dissimulaient derrière des règlements impraticables en matière de harcèlement sexuel. Le refus des écoles et des universités de traiter de tels cas efficacement et rapidement équivaut à pardonner, voire à encourager, ce genre de comportement. Il faudra consacrer beaucoup de temps et d'argent pour que les femmes puissent faire leurs études dans un milieu sans harcèlement.

Leda

that day
Leda told us
she was floating
in the silver river
she didn't see
the black eyes watching
from the trembling reeds

a giant white wing
stole the sun
covered her face
a golden beak raked
her neck and breasts

she struggled
kicked and fought
cold leathery feet
held her to the stones

she shouted
screamed and yelled
water filled her mouth
drowned her angry cries

afterwards
she still swam the river
her alien belly
gleamed in the water
her wide open eyes
searched the hostile sky

a sharp rock
clutched tight in her hand

Barbara Wood
Oakville, Ontario

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Panty raids, Lady Godiva rides, and the blatant misogyny of engineering newspapers are public harassment aimed at the general community of university women.

many schools refuse to acknowledge the prevalence of violence on their campuses as they fear a decline in the financial generosity of alumni, adverse publicity, or a decrease in enrolment. Obviously this head-in-the-sand attitude creates more problems than it solves.

Even when sexual harassment is reported, many institutions are not equipped to cope with it. My own alma mater achieved a certain degree of notoriety a couple of years ago when a committee I was chairing organized a "No Means No" date rape campaign. Male students in a campus dorm responded with giant signs in their windows bearing such slogans as "No Means Kick Her in the Teeth" and "No Means She's A Dike."

While this behaviour was clearly atrocious, the university administration's response was equally appalling. Instead of immediately taking disciplinary action against the boys involved, I was told by some that a less incendiary slogan should have been designed for the campaign. I was told that it was all a joke, that boys will be boys. It was only when the media was informed and the story attracted national attention that the university began to acknowledge a problem. At the risk of sounding cynical, I suggest that the male-dominated administration considered women like me the real problem.

While sexual harassment of the kind I describe above is truly frightening, it is not unusual on university campuses. Panty raids, Lady Godiva rides, and the blatant misogyny of a number of engineering newspapers are other examples of a kind of public harassment aimed at the general community of university women and often institutionalized by time and tradition. But there is another kind of psychological harassment which, by its very nature, is less publicized and probably even more prevalent. Again I offer my own experiences as an illustration of the kind of behaviour I am talking about.

Mid-way through the final term of my Master's degree I became the object of unwanted attentions by a fellow student. Although we attended a seminar together, we were by no means friends. I had never spoken to him in the hall or gone out for coffee with him. I had no reason to suspect that anything was up.

On Valentine's Day, however, I found a series of poems in my campus mailbox. The poems were about women's underwear and were inscribed to me and accompanied by a long, handwritten letter detailing their genesis and explaining their apparent classical allusions. The guise of professionalism was thin. One poem in particular set up a seminar scenario in which the speaker undresses a female student with his eyes. Although the names were different, the references were clear. Both the poems and the letter were explicitly sexual, and the poems were specifically anti-feminist. I was terribly upset and embarrassed. What on earth had I done to invite this? I didn't wear provocative clothes to school. This man and I weren't friends. We hardly knew each other. He was much older than I, and I knew he had a wife and children. I was scared, and I felt guilty.

In retrospect, I understand that many of my reactions were fairly standard. Like so many women that experience this kind of psychological violence, I was confused and disoriented. I wondered if I was making it all up. Instead of feeling victimized, I felt guilty. I was so mortified to think that I had somehow generated these twisted thoughts that I wanted to hide behind a giant rock and never come out.

The scariest thing about my experience was the way that it made me question myself. Ironically, just when I needed to believe in myself the most, my own values and feelings seemed unstable. As I think back on it, I realize that this is really at the heart of psychological violence. This was a secret violation that seemed to paralyse me. Before I could do anything about it, I had to have the faith that I was right, and I had to be willing to show his hateful poetry to other people.

Often harassment develops in unequal power relationships, either perceived or real: professor/student, employer/employee. In my case (and probably in many others) the situation was more complex. He was an older man, I a younger woman. Although I would never have realized it if the harassment hadn't occurred, I felt slightly cowed by this man. He was probably my parents' age, in the military, a father and husband himself. Could he really be doing what I thought he was doing? Would anybody agree with me? But in another way we were equals, peers in the classroom, and this man's actions were an attempt to exert power over me. He seemed more interested in asserting his will than in seducing me.

Although my earlier experiences and work with the women's movement had trained me to identify this kind of behaviour and gave me some sense of what to do about it, nothing prepared me for the reality of it. This man had attacked me directly, and I felt vulnerable and defenceless. I was scared to go to school lest I run into him, and when I forced myself to go, I felt paranoid. I was teaching at the time, and my class suffered. My own school work ground almost to a halt. I was unfocussed, and I had headaches. I felt singled out for persecution, and even the reassurances of family and friends could not make me feel a self-assured part of the academic community again. It was not until later that I was told that the same man had harrassed at least one other woman in the department. A number of people seemed to be aware of his problem, but nothing had been done to deal with it.

After a week or so I had run the gamut of emotions from shame through fear and anger, and I felt the need to do something. I told our professor, I filed a report with the sexual harassment office, I talked to the head of the department. This decision to take action helped me. I felt more in control of the situation. Still, this man had completely disrupted my life. My ability to work and to study had been interfered with in a violent way, and I turned to the university system for help.

When a student enrols in school, she signs an implied social contract with that institution. When she pays her tuition, she pays for the privilege of learning and working in an atmosphere free of harassment. This contract was broken in my case by an obviously disturbed man, and I expected the university to set things straight. I discovered, however, that despite their policies about sexual harassment, many institutions are unprepared to deal with this kind of abuse.

Antoinette Martens

Sexual harassment policies are terribly important. They are a kind of quasi-legal process through which psychological violence can be brought to light. In my experience, however, they proved a double-edged weapon. Like many such procedures, the sexual harassment process turned out to be long and involved. In order to speed things up, the counsellors I spoke with recommended a mediation process. I was to sit, along with a mediator (a faculty member from my department who had received some training), in a room with my harasser and discuss what had happened. The theory, I suppose, is that I would feel empowered by such a confrontation and my harasser would feel chastened. In practice, however, the prospect of this confrontation was repellent to me. I am convinced that nothing I could have said would have helped this man or me. He needs a thera pist, and I was neither qualified nor interested in the job.

I discovered that despite their policies about sexual harassment, many institutions are unprepared to deal with this kind of abuse.

Our schools' refusal to cope with this kind of blatant psychological violence against women is tantamount to condoning and even encouraging it.

The other options presented to me were equally distasteful: I could instigate a drawn-out hearing procedure (several months' worth of appearances before a university-appointed triumvirate which would, I was assured, eventually recommend counselling but would likely not take any disciplinary action), or I could withdraw from the seminar.

I think it is unconscionable for university authorities to suggest that a victim of harassment risk permanent damage to her education either by withdrawing from a class or by undertaking the truly daunting task of initiating formal hearing procedures. It seems to me equally unconscionable for a university to take shelter behind an unworkable policy. The institution defends itself from charges that it has failed to provide me with a safe atmosphere in which to learn by demanding that I take it upon myself to educate my aggressor through mediation. As so often happens, women are again being asked to spend valuable time and energy educating the men who have assaulted them. I would much rather spend my time and emotional energy tying to change a system that requires this of women.

My own experience with sexual harassment has certainly convinced me of the necessity of keeping our learning environments free of violence. The classroom ought to be a safe place where students can work and learn without feeling vulnerable to the kind of attack to which I was subjected. Since it is unlikely that we will manage to eradicate psychological abuse against women completely, it is crucial that our schools and universities be equipped to handle such cases expeditiously. The complaint procedure should never become a form of secondary harassment. It is crucial that administrators acknowledge that violence can take many forms, not all of them physical, that they recognize the impact that sexual harassment can have on a woman, and that they stop believing that it is easy for women to cope with this behaviour.

The point I am trying to make is that our schools' refusal to cope with this kind of blatant psychological violence against women is tantamount to condoning and even encouraging it. While no institution likes to admit its problems, sexual harassment isn't going to just go away. We need to educate our university communities about the nature of this abuse, and we need to develop sexual harassment policies that are more responsive to the reality of women's experiences. A lot more effort and time, and, yes, money, need to be devoted to this problem before women are allowed to learn in a harassment-free atmosphere.

Jessica Slights *was chair of the Gender Issues Committee at Queen's University in 1989-1990. She has just completed a Master's degree in English Literature at the University of British Columbia and will begin Ph.D. studies in the fall at McGill University. She continues to be active in the women's movement.*

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A New Beginning

by Jean Wasegijig

I was a battered wife for many years. It seemed like I learned to accept it as being part of the marriage. During this time, I spoke to no one about it. There was not one person I could talk to because I didn't have close friends. There were my relatives and his relatives, but we only discussed certain issues and wife battering wasn't one of them.

I was a young bride, only sixteen and he eighteen years of age when we married. A year and a half later, I experienced the first slap across my face. This happened after an argument and afterwards we made up and everything returned to normal. But there were many arguments which sometimes led to more slaps.

Our children were born and I became a busy mother with diapers, bottles, night feedings, washing and cleaning. Somewhere along this journey we discovered weekends at the bar friends. This took precedence on weekends and I felt that this was the fun I had missed out on because I married so young.

This phase came and went. I stayed home again to be a mother and wife. He worked and usually went out with the boys every Thursday and sometimes Friday nights. This was when the physical abuse gained momentum. If I disputed his late nights with the "boys," the supper I kept warm would end up on the walls and floor. If I yelled back, I would be slapped. I faced these nights with a feeling of impending doom. When he walked in on these nights, I would appraise the situation. How was he feeling? Is he happy? Is he angry? After some deduction, I would venture appropriate responses. Sometimes it worked and at other times it didn't.

I found friends to go out with. This came as a result of deciding to do some upgrading at a nearby college. By this time I was ready to venture outside the home. The children were older and in school. One of my new friends, out of concern for my shattered nerves, handed me a vial of tranquillizers. The tranquillizers helped, especially with facing my husband. Now I could face him, not feeling the fear of impending doom or fear of abuse. I mixed the tranquillizers with alcohol, which blocked out the physical and verbal abuse--not from happening, because it did, but from feeling the hurt, pain and anguish that accompanied it.

By this time the abuse had progressed to a point that I now had black eyes which kept me housebound. I never dared to go outdoors when

If I disputed his late nights with the "boys", the supper I kept warm would end up on the walls and floor.

De nouveaux débuts

par Jean Wasegijig

Pendant des années, mon conjoint m'a battue. Je n'en parlais à personne; je n'avais aucune amie intime. Au bout de quelques années, alors que je prenais des cours de recyclage dans un collège du voisinage, une de mes nouvelles connaissances me remit des tranquilisants. Plus tard, je prenais les tranquilisants avec de l'alcool, ce qui me permit de ne plus sentir mes souffrances, mes angoisses et ma douleur. Je n'avais pas le courage de partir. Mon mari me disait que personne ne voudrait de moi, et je le croyais. Finalement, grâce à des séances de counselling et à Al Anon que je fréquentais, j'eus la force de lui demander de partir. Et c'est ce qu'il fit.

Si toute cette violence affecta mes tentatives de me perfectionner, elle bouleversa également les études de mes enfants. Ils ne pouvaient échapper à la violence, ils y étaient plongés quotidiennement.

Aujourd'hui, je me demande pourquoi je suis restée avec cet homme si longtemps. Est-ce parce que je n'avais pas confiance en moi ou est-ce parce qu'il n'existait pas de système de soutien pour des personnes comme moi?

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My children's learning was affected also. They did not escape the violence at home. They lived in it.

I had a black eye because I felt shame for what happened to me. If a neighbour happened to drop by for a visit, I never answered the door. Needless to say she never dropped in again.

My father and stepmother would visit us often and even they never knew of the abuse. I covered the blackness with heavy make-up. If I had an unusually blackened and swollen eye I would discourage them from coming over. There was one time when my arms and shoulders were covered with bruises and fingerprints and they were on their way over. I quickly donned on a long sleeved heavy blouse, in the middle of a hot summer day.

The physical beatings occurred again and again and I kept taking tranquillizers while I continued drinking which put me into a state of mind where nothing mattered any more. I wanted to get away from the physical abuse but felt powerless to leave. It was during times like these when his words would echo in my mind. "Who would want you anyway? You're stupid and lazy. You're not even educated or trained in anything. What would you do without me? Starve, that's what would happen to you. I'm the best you are ever going to find."

I would think about my situation and believe that he was right about no one wanting me, a woman with a bunch of kids. I would think about all the things he said to me, about my rotten front tooth, which I could hardly see but he could and would always point out. I started talking with my mouth partially closed because I didn't want anyone to see the rotten tooth.

One day I was called to a counselling referral office regarding my son who was constantly in trouble. I apologized to her because of my speech impediment and she said, "What speech impediment?" I quickly explained that maybe it wasn't a speech impediment but it had something to do with the way I spoke and put my words together. Sometimes I didn't make sense. "I don't know what you mean. I can understand you just fine," she said.

After I started going to Al Anon the physical abuse stopped, but was replaced with verbal abuse, which to me was worse. It was through Al Anon, then counselling with a drug and alcohol counsellor, and then a battered spouse's group that I was able to tell him that either he leave or I would leave and I would take all the children with me. He left. I changed our phone number to an unlisted number and saw a lawyer through Legal Aid and started divorce proceedings.

When I attempted to do some upgrading at the college years before my marks were below average. I missed days of school because of bruises or because of arguments which left me in a negative frame of mind. I couldn't see myself studying, feeling like that so I stayed home. The violence I lived with affected my learning ability and capacity to learn. My mind was too preoccupied with leftover arguments and memories of physical and verbal abuse to comprehend what was being taught during class.

If my studying was affected by violence, then my children's learning ability was affected also. On parent/teacher nights, their teachers would tell me that if my children would only apply themselves they would be straight A students. They pointed out that they could do much better.

I can only imagine what was going through their minds as they sat in class listening to the teacher. They did not escape the violence at home. They lived in it.

I have often wondered why I stayed in that marriage for as long as I did. Perhaps it was because my self esteem was so low, or that I had no support systems until I found Al Anon or that there were no support systems around for people like me. It could have been that I learned to live in a violent situation. It could have been all of these reasons.

Jean Wasegijig *is an Odawa, from the Wekwemikong Reserve in central Ontario. She has lived in western Canada for the past twenty years. For the past several years, she has ben involved with aboriginal issues and organizations in Vancouver, B.C. Jean is a freelance writer, poet and editor. She graduated from Douglas College in New Westminster, B.C. with a diploma in Applied Arts. After completing her third year at Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, B.C., majoring in psychology, she decided to interrupt her studies to work as one of the two project co-ordinators for the Meyoyawin Circle in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.*

A Survivor's Fairy Tale

by Kate Delaney Earthdancer

The following story is a fairy tale that I wrote for my "inner children" to honour their incredible wisdom and their incredible pain. I became acquainted with my wounded and wise inner children as I began delving into the horror of my childhood. They came to me frightened, angry, distrustful and hating me, and slowly we have developed a bond of love and support. They now know me as their fiercely courageous and loving mother and champion.

This story is their story (and mine, as "we" are one). They love it.

The Story of Kate

In the beginning of time, a spark flew from the life that is our Goddess. This spark was beautiful and strong, loving and graceful. Her energy was the same as the energy of our Goddess. She loved the Goddess. The Goddess was and is her mother.

This spark of life set out on a journey to learn.

In her search for knowledge, she came to earth many times. She grew in wisdom and poise, beauty and love. She loved and was loved. Her radiance became as bright as a star. She was filled with the energy, beauty and strength of the Goddess. Everyone who came into contact with her remembered her and was touched by her grace.

In 1951 she came to Earth again. She was given the name Kate.

Her beauty, peace and energy, strength and fire radiated from the infant and child Kate. It frightened her parents. They feared her. Not because of her, but because of them. They had no room or tolerance for energy and fire and radiance.

The home she lived in was filled with darkness. It pressed on her and threatened to suffocate her--even as an infant she felt it.

She loved her mother very much, but her mother was small and weak and frightened. Her father was large, angry and violent. His rank odour, his vile mutterings filled the home with fear. Kate sensed the bleakness and as an infant (and child) considered 'leaving' (more than once). It seemed an enormous obstacle for a small child to face. But she chose to stay. She was very, very brave.

Kate grew into a toddler and young child, and began to assert herself. She was wise and full of energy, and she wanted to learn all about the world around her. She wanted to know everything. Her father hated it. Her mother feared it. The father strove to control her in other ways. He sought to own her. He hit Kate. He yelled at her. He called her stupid and bad. He hated her energy and he wanted to own her

The father strove to control Kate. He sought to own her. He hit Kate. He yelled at her. He touched her and he hurt her.

Le conte de fées d'une survivante

par Kate Delaney Earthdancer

J'ai écrit un conte de fées à l'intention de mes «enfants intérieurs» pour rendre hommage à leur incroyable sagesse et souffrance. J'ai fait connaissance avec ces enfants lorsque j'ai fouillé dans mon horrible enfance. La cruauté dont j'ai fait l'objet me fait terriblement mal, et je me suis divisée en plusieurs parties pour rester entière. Je suis en somme plusieurs enfants, qui chacun s'occupait d'un aspect différent de ma personne.

Le conte de fées relate les expériences d'une étincelle de vie qui s'échappa de la Déesse et s'installa sur Terre sous le nom de Kate. Chez Kate, régnait la haine et le mal. Dans son enfance, son père lui avait fait subir des atrocités, l'avait violentée et violée. Sa mère l'avait abandonnée. Seules sa sagesse innée et son intelligence lui permirent de rester en vie. Elle protégea l'étincelle de vie qui était son être propre, soit la partie qui se rappelait et connaissait la Déesse, sa mère. J'adore Kate, l'enfant. Elle a survécu à l'enfer sur Terre. Remercions la Déesse en son nom.

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She needed, as every child does, to be accepted as herself, to be held and nurtured, gently and lovingly. She deserved this. It is every child's birthright.

energy. He wanted to own her femaleness and he wanted to her to hate it. He touched her and he hurt her. Her days and nights became a nightmare. Her mother was afraid of the father and afraid of the truth. She wanted to see only what she wanted to see. She refused to see the father's violence toward Kate. Her mother betrayed and abandoned Kate. She left her alone and defenceless. Because she feared for her own safety, she refused to protect Kate.

Her parent's actions made Kate feel sad and lonely, angry and afraid. Being a child, she needed as every child deserves, to be accepted as herself, to be loved as herself, to be held and nurtured, gently and lovingly. She deserved this. It is every child's birthright. But Kate was abandoned, neglected and violated in the home she came to live in.

Her father was a very sick man. He was evil in spirit, dangerous and violent. But he always pretended to be good and virtuous and right. (He was always right!) Most people saw, and believed he was what he pretended to be. But Kate saw both his sides and it confused her very much. She wanted to believe that he was good. She needed him to be good for her own good. But he was not. He was evil and wicked, violent and torturous.

Antoinette Martens

The terrible things that Kate's father did to her were so evil, so sickening, so horrifying that it is difficult for a loving, gentle person to comprehend. The father tortured her. He raped her in violent and cruel ways. She did not even know the word "rape", but it was done to her many, many times. He violated and degraded her in nauseating ways. He also allowed his friends to hurt her and to torture her, to degrade and debase her, to rape and to violate her in every conceivable and inconceivable way. She was exposed regularly and frequently to the most evil side of human and inhuman nature.

This horrifying cruelty was perpetrated against this precious, beautiful, wise child as a regular part of her life for almost ten years. This cruelty hurt her deeply. She wept bitterly and angrily within herself. She fractured into many parts in order to stay whole. She became many children, each child holding a piece of her. In spite of this, all the parts of her worked together in a beautiful, cohesive symphony, determined to keep her sane and safe and loving. She fractured into many different parts, but the glue that kept the pieces together was a common bond of wisdom, strength and courage.

This remarkable child, Kate, kept herself alive and sane through her own inner wisdom and brilliance. By the time she left the dark, rank swamp called her childhood home, she was safeguarded by her own self-protecting armour. She carefully hid and protected the spark of life that was her self--her being. She protected the light that is her essence--the part of her that remembers and knows the Goddess, her mother.

I love this child. I admire her immensely. Her courage, her wisdom, her indomitable spirit and her unwavering belief in love in the presence of hatred, are all qualities of greatness. She survived, through her own brilliance, the trials of hell on earth. Thank the Goddess for her.

I love her.

I am her.

I and the children and Kate and the Goddess are one.

Kate Delaney Earthdancer *is a pseudonym. Being a survivor of ritual abuse, the author uses a pseudonym to preserve her anonymity for her own protection. Kate was born and raised in a rural Canada in a "typical" farming community. She now lives with her husband and children and works as a homemaker, artist and writer.*

Coming Out of My Shell

by Ann K. Green

Review by Peggy Buckley and Janet Kolenick Herbert

Coming Out of My Shell is a highly readable account of one woman's struggle to emerge from family dysfunction. Ann K. Green wrote this thirty-three page book during two years of work with a literacy tutor at a Newfoundland community literacy program. It is a testament not only to her courage, but to the importance of such programs in helping women to connect with their internal strength and use it as a source for healing.

Ms Green writes clearly and simply about her experiences. We see how poverty drives her decision to leave school and try to take care of younger siblings. She helps us feel a child's sense of powerlessness and abandonment when adults who are supposed to be caregivers prove incapable. We share her dismay as the systems we believe will serve and protect the vulnerable don't. School, social services, the police are at best insensitive, at worst hostile and abusive.

Ms Green tells of her early marriage, motherhood and life with an abusive, alcoholic husband. The tale is damning of the agencies ostensibly set up to help. Family court pushes her to reconcile with a husband who has deserted her and their children, physically and sexually abused her, and fathered other children in various regions of the country. Following this reconciliation, another violent incident prompts Ann to leave for the last time.

People who work with abused women or adult survivors will not be shocked by the details. The book describes life for the one in five girls and one in seven boys in Canada who are sexually abused. It attests to the toll taken on the lives of one in five Canadian women who live in violent relationships. It affirms the fact that if we live in violence, we recreate violence in our own lives. However, it also shows how the apparent "victims" of this violence can measure their own strength and move beyond their situation.

Ann K. Green describes her work at a Community Centre in St. John's where she also starts the literacy journey that brings about *Coming Out of My Shell*. Her voice echoes that of so many other engaged in literacy programs throughout Canada:

I had to depend on other people to help me with reading and writing. I was ashamed to let people know I didn't have an education. I couldn't help my children with their homework. ... I didn't know if shopkeepers were giving me my right change. I felt stupid at these times and very alone.

Going back to get an education has improved my life. It has built my self-confidence and I'm not afraid to face the world any more.
(pp 31-32)

This book is an obvious "must" for women's shelters and assault recovery programs, literacy programs, and adult education classes. Its highly relevant content is written in an easy to read manner, which makes it accessible to low level literacy clients. The fact that Ann K. Green is not a victim, that she talks of having "made up her mind" to change her circumstances and that she does so attests to her personal determination and strength. Her story provides hope and affirmation for others in similar struggles.

A less obvious audience for the book includes teachers, teacher trainees, social workers, probation officers, lawyers, judges and the clergy. Without being vitriolic, Ms Green describes the way the personnel in the "human services systems" failed her, and enables that personnel to see their mandate and their performance from the perception of a client.

Politicians, those who legislate social policy at all levels, should read this book. Ann's story gently yet forcefully describes the human toll exacted by the ineptitude of the legal and social assistance systems and by chronic under-funding of services for women and children trying to escape violence in Canada.

From a teaching perspective, *Coming Out of My Shell* is a well designed book. It is divided into three sections, each of which contains chapters that are one or two pages long. Sections are clearly identified in boldface capital type set on their own page. A stylized dove is the only decoration, and as we move through the sections, the bird floats from the lower left corner of the dividing page to the upper right hand corner in the last section, entitled Breaking Out of the Cycle. This graphic depiction of Ann's story is both reinforcing and unifying.

As mentioned, the language of the book is clear, simple and direct. There is good sentence variety. Beginning level literacy students will find some of the text challenging, as it uses colloquialisms such as "she was pregnant for my husband" and "when the water was boiled." However, these do not obscure the message. In fact, they can be used to have discussions about language usage and variance with both literacy and English second

This book is a "must" for women's shelters and assault recovery programs, literacy programs, and adult education classes.

language/dialect students. The contractions that appear throughout, "didn't," "couldn't," "hadn't," could also provide oral and written exercise work for literacy and ESL learning situations.

Ann K. Green's book, *Coming Out of My Shell* is a real contribution to the expanding literature of personal struggle and healing which has flourished in the 1980s. She must be commended for telling her story so clearly and with such courage.

Peggy Buckley and Jan Kolenick Herbert *are educators who live in Prince Albert. Both have worked extensively with Aboriginal Canadian children and adults in a variety of educational settings. Most recently, they co-edited a series of five books of writing by participants in literacy programs in Saskatchewan.* ***Coming Out of My Shell*** *is available from Educational Planning and Design Associates Limited, 18 Leslie Street, St. John's, Nfld, A1E 2V6, (709) 753-2017, at a cost of $6.95 + 7% GST (20% discount on orders of five or more).*

Liberty: A Manual For Survivors of Woman Abuse

developed by Denise Taylor and Diane Kays; written by Barbara Cottrell

by Barbara Cottrell

Every day women leave men who have abused them and begin the process of healing, sometimes with little support. Often the physical and emotional struggles are so harsh that the women give up and return to abusive partners.

Denise Taylor wanted to understand why she, and other women like her, had been abused by the men they lived with, why it had been so difficult to leave, and why they had returned. She realized they had to find a way to break through feelings of isolation and guilt to find pride and strength. She worked with social worker Diane Kays to design a series of workshops which they called "Liberty."

The Liberty program assumes that all forms of abuse against women--emotional, physical, sexual, and child abuse, prostitution, pornography, sexual harassment and poverty--are connected, and that in order to survive and improve our lives and ultimately to change society's values, women must empower themselves. It also assumes that maintaining the balance between women's vulnerability and women taking control of their own lives--in a society which has for centuries permitted, even encouraged violence against women--is not easy.

We also know that it can be very difficult for women who are involved in the cycle of abuse to leave men whom they love and who can be as kind as they are abusive. Through Liberty, women can support and validate each other. Providing a safe place for women to explore why the abuse happened, and learning how to keep themselves as safe as possible in the future is what Liberty is all about.

The first series of eleven two-hour workshops was held in 1990. The Group covered six topics: Our Families, Our Selves; Looking at Core Relationships; The Use of Power and Control; Why Women Stay; Setting Boundaries and Limits; and Taking Care of Ourselves. Catherine, one of the first Liberty participants, said, "Liberty was the key to a different way of looking at my life. It can throw your life into major chaos, but it's worth it. Now I feel inside a lot more peace, contentment, and acceptance. I feel more secure about where my future will go. I'm not certain, I have fears, but I've gone from being terrified of life to being just a little anxious about it. I don't feel totally helpless any more. I've learned this is where I've been and if I don't want to I don't have to stay there."

Since then, four further groups have been held and a handbook for running the groups is being produced. Information on how to set up a group and interview potential group members, as well as a detailed outline of each group session, a questionnaire for potential group facilitators, and an evaluation sheet are included. For further information contact Family Service Association, 561 Fenwick Street, Suite 106, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3H 1P9, (902) 420-1980.

Barbara Cottrell *is a free-lance writer, researcher, and adult educator, and an active member of the CCLOW-Nova Scotia network.*

ORGANIZATIONS

Iskwew/Women Helping Women
Prince Albert, Saskatchewan

A community program of the Prince Albert Cooperative Health Centre, Iskwew provides confidential services for abused women. For more information, contact Iskwew, Cooperative Health Centre, 110 - 8th Street E., Prince Albert, Sask., S6V 0V7

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Sexual Abuse Support Sessions for Youth
Richmond, B.C.

This program is a support group for sexually abused female teens. For more information, contact: Richmond Youth Services Agency, 8191 St. Albans Rd., Richmond, B.C.V6Y 2L2.

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The National Clearinghouse on Family Violence

This department is a source of information on research, public and professional education resources, fact sheets, reviews, etc. Contact: Family Violence Prevention Division, Social Service Programs Branch, Health and Welfare Canada, Tunney's Pasture, Ottawa, Ontario K1A 1B5, or call 1-800-267-1291.

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Interval House

A shelter for abused women and their children, Interval House is operated by professionals and volunteers who provide safety and protection as well as a number of programs and services including, Court Support Program, Children's Program, Ex-Residents' Program, etc. Toronto Interval House can be contacted at (416) 924-1491.

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Aftermath
Toronto, Ontario

Aftermath is a self-help group for families of sexually abused children. Services include: telephone networking, social action, public forums, group support, community networking, etc. Aftermath can be contacted at 115 Danforth Avenue, Suite 202, Toronto, Ontario, M4K 1N2, (416) 461-2545.

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Anduhyaun (Our Home)
Toronto, Ontario

A residence offering a supportive environment for Native women and their children, Anduhyaun provides counselling, activities, a life skills program, and basic necessities such as food, clothing and shelter. Anduhyaun is located at 106 Spadina Road, Toronto, Ontario, M5R 2T8, (416) 920-1492.

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Pigeon Hill Bruideen Peacemaking Centre

Located in Quebec, one hour outside Montreal, the Centre holds weekend healing retreats using psychosynthesis for survivors of incest. Psychosynthesis is a holistic approach based on experiential techniques to release the pain as well as healing resources of each individual. Contact Rosemary Sullivan, Pigeon Hill Bruideen Peacemaking Centre, St. Armand, Que., J0J 1T0, (514) 248-2524.

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Education Wife Assault

EWA works towards ending violence against women by encouraging public awareness and supportive intervention, and by providing written information in ten languages, publications, public education sessions, referral information about counselling and support services, and public access to a resource centre on violence against women. For more information, contact EWA at 427 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1X7, (416) 968-3422.

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Women's Research Centre

WRC produces a number of publications of interest to women and with reference to violence. For a complete list and more information, contact WRC at #101, 2245 West Broadway, Vancouver, B.C., V6K 2E4, (604) 734-0485.

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Counselling Women Certificate Program
University of Alberta

The Faculty of Extension offers this part-time program that combines contemporary feminist theory with the practice of counselling. Brochures and application forms are available from the Women's Program and Resource Centre, 11019-90 Ave., Edmonton, Alberta, T6G 2E1, (403) 492-3093.

ORGANISMES

Centre national d'information sur la violence dans la famille

Ce département de Santé et Bien-être social Canada dispose d'informations sur les recherches, des ressources pédagogiques publiques et professionnelles, des feuilles de données, des critiques, etc. Contacter : Division de la prévention de la violence familiale, Programmes de service social, Édifice des finances, Parc Tunney, Ottawa (Ontario) K1A 1B5, 1-800-267-1291; télécopieur : (613) 957-4247.

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Université Laurentienne de Sudbury
Cours sur la production de portfolio

Un cours par correspondence sur la production de portfolio sera dispensé par l'éducation des adultes de l'Université Laurentienne. Les frais d'inscription sont de 421 $ pour deux semestres. Pour de plus amples renseignements, contacter l'Université Laurentienne de Sudbury, chemin du Lac Ramsey, Sudbury (Ontario) P3E 2C6, (705) 673-5661; télécopieur : (705) 673-4912.

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Education Wife Assault

EWA vise à mettre fin à la violence contre les femmes en sensibilisant le public à cette question, en intervenant,

en préparant des brochures en dix langues et des publications, en organisant des séances de sensibilisation du public, en donnant des renseignements sur les services de counselling et d'appui et en permettant au public l'accès à un centre de ressources sur la violence faite aux femmes. Pour de plus amples renseignements, contacter EWA, 427 rue Bloor Ouest, Toronto (Ontario), M5S 1X7 (416) 968-3422.

CALLS FOR SUBMISSIONS

Women and Criminal Justice
Special Issue on Sexual Harassment

Women and Criminal Justice is planning an interdisciplinary and international special issue on sexual harassment. Deadline for submissions is October 31, 1992. Contact: Judith Osborne, School of Criminology, Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, B.C., V5A 1S6.

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Feminism and Education: A Canadian Perspective, Vol.2
Centre for Women's Studies in Education

CWSE is proposing a new volume of articles on the politics of practices of education in Canada. Possible topics include: feminist pedagogy, distance education, elementary level teaching, anti-racist education, feminist arts education, curriculum development, etc. Deadline for manuscripts is October 15, 1992. Send to: Publications Committee, Centre for Women's Studies in Education, O.I.S.E., 252 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1V6, (416) 923-6641, ext. 2204.

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A Student Anthology of Acts of Resistance

Students are invited to submit work to an anthology that explores ways in which they are silenced through professorial behaviour, classroom practices, or general requirements of academe. Work that provides multiple perspectives on race, class, gender, and lesbian experiences is encouraged. Deadline Dec. 1, 1992. Contact: Houston Stewart, School of Education, Dalhousie University, Halifax, N. S., B3H 3J5.

SOUMISSION DE TEXTES

Feminism and Education: A Canadian Perspective, Vol.2
Centre for Women's Studies in Education

CWSE fait paraître un nouveau recueil d'articles sur la politique des méthodes d'éducation au Canada. Parmi les sujets qu'il est possible de traiter, citons : la pédagogie féministe, l'éducation à distance, l'enseignement au niveau élémentaire, l'éducation anti-raciste, l'éducation féministe artistique, l'élaboration de programmes d'études, etc. Les manuscrits doivent être envoyés d'ici au **15 octobre 1992** à Publications Committee, Centre for Women's Studies in Education, O.I.S.E., 252 rue Bloor Ouest, Toronto (Ontario) M5S 1V6, (416) 923-6641, poste 2204.

GRANTS SCHOLARSHIPS

Canadian Northern Studies Trust

The Trust awards scholarships to young people from all parts of Canada, but particularly from the North, to gain experience and develop skills with particular relevance to the North. Several scholarships are offered ranging from $2,000 to $10,000. For more information, write to: Association of Canadian Universities for Northern Studies, 130 Albert Street, Suite 201, Ottawa, Ontario, K1P 5G4, (613) 238-3525.

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Canada Scholarships Program
Industry, Science & Technology

Each year, 2,500 new scholarships worth $2,000 a year for up to four years are awarded to students entering full-time undergraduate programs in the natural sciences, engineering, and related disciplines. Contact: Canada Scholarships Program, Industry, Science & Technology Canada, 235 Queen Street, 8th Floor, West Tower, Ottawa, Ontario, K1A 0H5, (613) 993-7597, Fax (613) 941-2811.

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Patricia Allen Memorial Fund

Established in memory of Patricia Allen, who has brutally killed on a downtown Ottawa Street in November of 1991, this fund will help further the education of women and provide resources for research into violence against women. For more information or to make a donation, contact: Patricia Allen Memorial Fund, P.O. Box 192, Station B, Ottawa, Ontario, K1P 6C4.

SUBVENTIONS

Fonds commémoratif Patricia Allen

Un fonds a été établi à la mémoire de Patricia Allen qui a été assassinée en plein centre-ville d'Ottawa en novembre 1991. Le fonds accordera une bourse à des étudiantes pour qu'elles poursuivent leurs études et fournira également des ressources pour étudier le problème de la violence faite aux femmes. Contacter: Fonds commémoratif Patricia Allen, CP 192, Succursale B, Ottawa (Ontario), K1P 6C4.

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Fiduciaire canadienne d'études nordiques

Cette fiduciaire accorde des bourses à des jeunes gens de tout le Canada, mais plus particulièrement à ceux et celles du Nord, pour qu'ils acquièrent de l'expérience et des compétences convenant à la vie dans le Nord. Plusieurs bourses sont octroyées, dont le montant va de 2 000 $ à 10 000 $. Pour de plus amples renseignements, écrire à l'Association universitaire canadienne d'études nordiques, 130 rue Albert, Suite 201, Ottawa (Ontario) K1P 5G4, (613) 238-3525.

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Programme de bourses Canada Industrie, Sciences & Technologie
Tous les ans, 2 500 nouvelles bourses d'un montant de 2 000 $ par an sont accordées pour une période de quatre ans maximum à des étudiantes et étudiants du premier cycle faisant des études à plein temps de sciences naturelles, d'ingénierie ou dans des domaines connexes. Contacter : Programme de bourses Canada, Industrie, Sciences & Technologie Canada, 235 rue Queen, 8e étage, Tour Ouest, Ottawa (Ontario) K1A 0H5, (613) 993-7597; télécopieur : (613) 941-2811.

FILM VIDEO

The Family Violence Audio-Visual Catalogue

This catalogue is an extensive list of audio-visual resources and sources for materials. Produced for Health and Welfare Canada by the National Film Board. Contact your local NFB office.

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Family Violence
Magic Lantern Communications
775 Pacific Rd, Unit 38
Oakville, Ontario L6L 6M4
(416) 827-1155
Fax (416) 827-1154

A series of 9 video cassettes examine the realities of family violence, including: Violence in the Home; Love, Need, and Power; Sex & Gender; It's Not My Fault; and Sexual Assault. Available at prices ranging from $89 to $149 each video.

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After the Montreal Massacre
The National Film Board

This documentary connects the massacre of 14 women at L'École Polytechnique with male violence against women and provides a challenge for change in our political and personal lives. The NFB has available a number of films dealing with violence against women. Contact your nearest branch.

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The Body Politic
c/o The English Department
The University of Queensland
Queensland, Australia 4072

This 50-minute docudrama offers one woman's personal journey to healing from sexual abuse and gang rape; a guide to facilitate discussion of the major issues raised is included.

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A Safer Place: Preventing Sexual Harassment and Sexual Assault at Work
Management Services
Personnel Services Division
The City of Toronto
100 Queen St. W., 2nd floor
West Tower, City Hall
Toronto, Ontario M5H 2N2

A video produced by the city of Toronto on how workplaces can become safer, harassment-free places for women.

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Inequity in the Classroom
Concordia University
Visual Media Resources
H-341
1455 de Maisonneuve Blvd. West
Montreal, Quebec H3G 1M8
(514) 848-4841
Fax (514) 848-3441

Inequity in the Classroom is a 28-minute video and manual available together or separately, and examines issues of inequity in the classroom, its effect on students, and ways to create an inclusive learning environment.

FILM VIDEO

En toute égalité
Université Concordia
Visual Media Resources
H-341
1455 boulevard de Maisonneuve Ouest
Montréal (Quebec) H3G 1M8
(514) 848-4841
Télécopieur : (514) 848-3441

En Toute égalité se compose d'un film de 28 minutes et d'un manuel, que l'on peut se procurer ensemble ou séparément. Ce document traite de l'inégalité existant entre les filles et les garçons dans les salles de classe, des conséquences de cette situation sur les élèves et des façons de créer un milieu d'apprentissage uniforme.

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Renouvellement du Canada
Secrétariat des conférences constitutionelles
CP 1770, Succursale B
Ottawa (Ontario) K1P 1B3
(613) 943-1570

Renouvellement du Canada est un vidéo sur les conférences constitutionnelles.

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La force de s'affirmer
Contacter : Dominique Lemelin
Secrétariat du troisième âge
(613) 952-7608

Ce vidéo renseigne les aîné(e)s, leurs familles et les dispensateurs de soins sur les façons de déceler et de prévenir l'exploitation financière.

BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

Vis-à-Vis: National Newsletter on Family Violence
Canadian Council on
Social Development
55 Parkdale Avenue
P.O. Box 3505, Station C
Ottawa, Ontario, K1Y 4G1
(613) 728-1865

Vis-à-Vis is published quarterly and subscriptions are available free of charge. Vis-à-Vis contains information and resources from across Canada on issues related to violence against women.

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Patterns of Violence in the Lives of Girls and Women: A Reading Guide
Women's Research Centre
101, 2245 W. Broadway
Vancouver, B.C. V6K 2E4
$9.00 + postage & handling

Divided into sections (wife assault, dating violence, child abuse, sexual assault, pornography, etc.) each containing a composite "picture" of women's experiences and a list of resources/ information relevant to the problem, this booklet is a thorough feminist analysis of the problem of violence against women.

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Family Violence in A Patriarchal Culture
The Church Council on
Justice and Corrections
507 Bank Street
Ottawa, Ontario K2P 1Z5
$25.00

Produced cooperatively by the Church Council and the Canadian Council on Social Development, this kit encourages the exploration of family violence through stories, commentary, questions, activities, and lists audio-visual and other resources.

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Family Violence in Aboriginal Communities: A First Nations Report
by Sharlene Frank
c/o B.C. Ministry of Women's Equality
Victoria, B.C.
(604) 356-9307

Frank resigned from the B.C. Task Force on Family Violence in diagreement over the approach on aboriginal issues. Her own report assumes that aboriginal family violence is rooted in colonialization and that individual First Nations must decide their own solutions and priorities.

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Just A Kiss
Battered Women Support Services
P.O. Box 1088
Station A
Vancouver, B.C. V6C 2T1

A photo-novella about dating violence in a high school.

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Violence Prevention Materials in the Schools: A National Listing
Manitoba Women's Directorate
450, 500 Portage Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 3X1

Compiled by the Directorate with help from educators across the country, this book lists violence prevention materials currently used in Canadian schools.

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The Spirit Weeps
Martens & Assoc.
#205, 8356 - 120 Street
Surrey, B.C. V3W 3N4
(604) 583-6612

This resource addresses the characteristics and dynamics of incest and child sexual abuse from a Native perspective.

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Sexual Harassment
Network of Saskatchewan Women
Saskatchewan Action Committee
2343 Cornwall Street
Regina, Sask. S4P 2L4
Fax (306) 757-4548

Saskatchewan Action Committee on the Status of Women published a special issue of their Network magazine on Sexual Harassment (March 1992).

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A Handbook for the Prevention of Family Violence
Family Violence Prevention Project
c/o Lloyd George School
360 Beach Road, Room 16
Hamilton, Ontario L8H 3K4
(416) 549-1353

Developed by the Community Child Abuse Council of the Hamilton-Wentworth region.

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Violence Against Women/Strategies for Change
Canadian Woman Studies
212 Founders College, York University
4700 Keele Street
Downsview, Ontario M3J 1P3

Two special issues of *Canadian Woman Studies* on violence against women (summer & fall 1991).

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Bibliography on Violence Against Women and Children
Toronto Women's Bookstore
73 Harbord Street
Toronto, Ontario M5S 1G4

Compiled by women at the bookstore, this bibliography lists books available through the store.

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Crisis Intervention for Child Witness/ Victims of Wife Assault
Women's Community House
P.O. Box 939, Station B
London, Ontario N6A 5K1

This manual presents a model for shelter workers and child advocates.

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Your Rights: An Assaulted Women's Guide to the Law
Ontario Women's Directorate
12th floor, 2 Carlton Street
Toronto, Ontario M5B 2M9
(416) 314-0300

This pocket-sized booklet explains, in simple language, legal rights in criminal and family legal matters, including: divorce, child custody, spousal support, social assistance, housing, & immigration status.

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Women Against Violence
Matriart
394 Euclid Avenue, #308
Toronto, Ontario M6G 2S9
(416) 324-8910

This special issue, vol.2 no.2, contains explorations by women artists of violence against women.

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Wiles of Girlhood
by Joanne Arnott
press gang publishers
603 Powell Street
Vancouver, B.C. V6A 1H2
(604) 253-2537

Moving in and out of memories, the experiences of giving birth and mothering a newborn mediated with reclaiming a knowledge of having survived a childhood of physical and sexual abuse are explored through narrative poetry.

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Not Satisfied Yet
Faculty of Graduate Studies
York University
4700 Keele Street
Downsview, Ontario M3J 1P3

This report of the task force on the status of women graduate students at York University covers topics such as sexual and gender harassment, safety and security, part-time study, language reform, etc.

LIVRES PUBLICATIONS

Communiqué
Union culturelle des Franco-Ontariennes
6-50, rue Vaughan
Ottawa (Ontario) K1M 1X1
(613) 741-1334
Télécopieur : (613) 741-8577

L'UCFO a consacré certains numéros de *Communiqué* à la violence faite aux femmes (novembre 89) et Un pas vers la liberté (novembre 1991). Abonnement au *Communiqué* : membre 5 $; non-membre 6,50 $.

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Femmes d'action
325, rue Dalhousie
Porte 525
Ottawa (Ontario) K1N 7G2
(613) 232-5791

Le numéro de février 1992 de *Femmes d'action* s'intitule «S'en sortir... l'inceste». On peut en obtenir un exemplaire au prix de 2,95 $.

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Le temps d'agir
Les Éditions Communiqu'Elles
3585, rue St-Urbain
Montréal (Québec) H2X 2N6
(514) 844-1761
Télécopieur : (514) 842-1067

Ce livre donne aux femmes les renseignements dont elles ont besoin sur la violence et les incite à réfléchir à ses causes et solutions. Parmi les sujets traités, citons : la pauvreté et la violence, l'agression sexuelle et l'inceste, le sexisme et la pornographie, la discrimination raciale au Québec. 10 $ + 1 $ de frais de manutention + 7% TPS.

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Les femmes canadiennes et le SIDA : au-delà des statistiques
Les Éditions Communiqu'Elles
(voir ci-dessus)

Ce livre donne aux femmes les renseignements dont elles ont besoin sur le SIDA et les incite à réfléchir à leur propre vulnérabilité. 15,95 $ + 1 $ de frais d'expédition

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Intervenantes au service des immigrantes
Les Éditions Communiqu'Elles
(voir ci-dessus)

Toute intervenante qui travaille auprès des immigrantes trouvera dans ce guide pratique des renseignements et des références sur des problèmes spécifiques : la famille et les rapports parents/enfants; la violence conjugale; le parrainage; les garderies; le logement; la santé et les services sociaux, le travail. 5,95 $ + 1 $ frais de manutention + 7% TPS.

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Vos droits : un guide juridique à l'intention des femmes victimes d'agression
Direction générale de la condition féminine de l'Ontario
12e étage
2, rue Carlton
Toronto (Ontario) M5B 2M9
(416) 314-0300

Ce livret en format poche explique les droits des femmes en matière d'affaires criminelles et familiales à la suite d'une agression sexuelle. Les sujets traités sont : le divorce, les ordonnances de garde, le soutien au conjoint, le bien-être social et l'aide sociale, le logement et l'immigration.

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Les droits des femmes
Centre de diffusion
Éditions Paulines
3965, boulevard Henri-Bourassa Est
Montréal (Québec) H1H 1L1
(514) 322-7341
Télécopieur : (514) 322-4281

Les différents droits réclamés dans ce livre sont les suivants : autonomie, accomplissement, affirmation.

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Les femmes du Nouveau-Brunswick : victimes de mauvais traitements et le système judiciaire pénal
Direction de la politique,
de la planificaton et de l'évaluation
Ministère du Solliciteur général
CP 6000
Frédéricton (Nouveau-Brunswick)
E3B 5H1
(506) 453-7142

Un rapport statistique préliminaire de la Direction générale de la condition féminine du N.-B., du Cabinet du Solliciteur général du N.-B., du ministère de la Justice du N.-B. et de l'Association des chefs de police du N.-B.

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Un lien naturel : coup d'oeil sur la santé et l'environnement au Canada
Groupe Communications Canada
Éditions Ottawa (Ontario) K1A 0A9
(819) 956-4802
Télécopieur : (819) 994-1498

Ce rapport vise à sensibiliser les Canadiennes et Canadiens aux dangers que l'environnement fait peser sur leur état de santé et à les aider à prendre des décisions plus avisées à ce sujet. 18,95 $ + 3,50 $ de frais d'expédition + 7% TPS.

OUTrights
October 9-11, Vancouver, B.C.

OutRights is envisioned as a conference where lesbian and gay activists can forge alliances and develop strategies to carry the lesbian and gay movement into the future. Contact: OutRights, 321, 1525 Robson Street, Vancouver, B.C., V6G 1C3, (604) 251-4356.

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Les droits visibles
Du 9 au 11 octobre, Vancouver (Colombie-Britannique)

Conférence où les miltants gais et lesbiennes pourront forger des alliances et mettre au point des stratégies d'avenir pour le mouvement. Contacter : Outrights, 321, 1525 rue Robson, Vancouver (B.-C.) V6G 1C3, (604) 251-4356.

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A Child Care Agenda for the 90s
October 15-19, Ottawa, Ontario

Co-sponsored by the Canadian Day Care Advocacy Association and the Ontario Coalition for Better Child Care, the goal of the conference is to construct a national child care policy to present to government for implementation and will include a lobby on parliament hill. Contact: Eileen Condon, OCBCC, 500A Bloor Street W., 2nd Flr, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1Y8, (416) 538-0628, Fax (416) 538-6737.

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Les services de garde des années 1990
15-19 octobre, Ottawa (Ontario)

Parrainée par l'Association canadienne pour la promotion des services de garde à l'enfance et Ontario Coalition for Better Child Care, cette conférence vise à mettre au point une stratégie réaliste, susceptible d'être reprise et mise en route par le gouvernement. Il y aura aussi un lobby sur la colline du Parlement. Veuillez contacter : Kathleen Bellinger, CDCAA, 323, rue Chapel, Ottawa (Ontario) K1N 7Z2, (613) 594-3196; télécopieur (613) 594-9375.

Celebrating Identity, Moving Towards Alliance, Creating Community
October 23-24, Calgary, Alberta

Organized by the Calgary Status of Women Action Committee, this conference features keynote speaker bell hooks, and celebrations with feminist-humorist Kate Clinton and storyteller Lana Skauge. Contact: CSWAC, #319, 223-12 Avenue SW, Calgary, Alberta, T2R 0G9, (403) 262-1873.

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Power Within Diversity
November 12-14, Toronto, Ontario

Located at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, this conference will look at confronting moral issues through education in a multi-racial, multi-cultural community and world. Contact: AME-OM/VEA conference, Suite 12-115, 252 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1V5, (416) 944-2652, Fax (416) 944-3822.

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Making the Links: Anti-Racism & Feminism
November 13-15, Toronto, Ontario

The annual conference of the Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women, issues of age, class, ability, sexuality, etc. will be addressed within the framework of anti-racist feminism. Contact CRIAW, 151 Slater Street, Suite 408, Ottawa, Ontario, K1P 5H3, (613) 563-0681, Fax (613) 563-0682, TDD (613) 563-1921.

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Perspectives féministes dans la lutte contre le racisme
13-15 novembre, Toronto (Ontario)

Le colloque annuel de l'Institut canadien de recherches sur les femmes traitera de questions d'âge, de classe, d'habileté, de sexualité, etc., dans le cadre du féminisme antiraciste. Veuillez contacter : ICREF, 151, rue Slater, bureau 408, Ottawa (Ontario) K1P 5H3 (613) 563-0681; télécopieur (613) 563-0682; ATS (613) 563-1921.

In Focus: Inner City Schools
November 17-20, Vancouver, B.C.

This conference of the Canadian Council for Inner City Education will focus on educational and social issues affecting children living in urban or rural poverty. Contact M. Cote-Malley, 1130 Keefer Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6A 1Z3, or call Patti Lefkos at (604) 254-0821 or 253-7449.

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Insight '92
November 20-22, Edmonton, Alberta

For further information on this annual festival of women's film and video, call (403) 448-0730. For information on how to bring the festival to your community, call Moyra at (403) 421-0306.

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Women in the Shadows: Violence Against Aboriginal Women
November 27-29, Camp He-Ho-Ha, Alberta

This educational conference, sponsored by Women of the Metis Nation, will use training workshops and healing circles to give and receive information. Call (403) 484-7989 for more information.

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Towards E = Quality
November 26-28, St. John's, Nfld.

Canadian Teachers' Federation conference on women, education, and quality of life. For information contact: CTF, 110 Argyle Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K2P 1B4 (613) 232-1505, Fax (613) 232-1886.

MEMBERSHIP
(G.S.T. included)

Membership in CCLOW is open to individuals, organizations, or agencies.

MEMBERSHIP FEES

☐ Low income/student/un/underemployed/retired	$10.70
☐ Individual	$30.70*
☐ Sustaining Member	$250.70**
☐ Organization with an annual budget up to $100,000	$48.25
☐ Organization with an annual budget $100,000 to $500,000	$80.25
☐ Organization with an annual budget over $500,000	$133.75

Associate Member (receives *Women's Education des femmes* only)

☐ Individual	$18.19
☐ Organization	$32.10

* A $20.00 income tax receipt will be issued.
** A $240.00 income tax receipt will be issued.
Additional donations will be receipted for income tax purposes.

Enclosed, payable to CCLOW, is my cheque for:

Membership	$ _____
Additional Donation	$ _____
TOTAL	$ _____

Please return form and payment to CCLOW, 47 Main Street, Toronto, Ontario, M4E 2V6.

Name _____
Address _____
_____
Postal Code _____
Telephone: (Home) _____
(Business) _____
Occupation _____
Area of Interest _____

[ ] I do not give CCLOW permission to trade, or sell my name and address to other like-minded social action groups for the purpose of fundraising or as a means of networking.

INSCRIPTION
(T.P.S. incluse)

L'inscription au CCPEF est ouverte aux particuliers et aux organismes ou associations.

DROITS D'ADHESION

☐ Étudiante/sans emploi/Retraitée	10,70 $
☐ Inscription personnelle	30,70 $*
☐ Membre commanditaire	250,70 $**
☐ Organization: budget annuel inférieur ou égal à 100 000 $	48,25 $
☐ Organization: budget annuel entre 100 000$ et 500 000 $	80,25 $
☐ Organization: budget annuel supérieur à 500 000 $	133,75 $

Abonnement seulement
Women's Education des femmes

☐ Particulier	18,19 $
☐ Organisation	32,10 $

* Un reçu de 20,00 $ aux fins de l'impôt sera remis.
** Un reçu de 240,00 $ aux fins de l'impôt sera remis.
Les dons supplémentaires feront l'objet d'un reçu aux fins de l'impôt.
Veuillez trouver ci-joint un cheque payable au CCPEF d'un montant de:

Adhésion ou abonnement	$ _____
Dontation	$ _____
TOTAL	$ _____

Veuillez renvoyer le formulaire et le paiment au CCPEF, 47 rue Main, Toronto (Ontario), M4E 2V6.

Nom _____
Adresse _____
_____
Code postal _____
Téléphone: (Res) _____
(Bur) _____
Profession _____
Intérêts _____

[ ] Je N'AUTORISE PAS le CCPEF à échanger, prêter ou vendre mon nom ou mon adresse à d'autres groupes d'action sociale aux fins d'une campagne de souscription ou à des objectifs de réseau.

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The Canadian Congress for Learning Opportunities for Women (CCLOW) was founded in 1979 and is a national,voluntary, feminist organization with networks in every province and territory. CCLOW advocates equality between women and men by promoting equal participation in our educational, political, economic, legal, social and cultural systems. To overcome discrimination based on gender, age, race, class ethnicity, and sexual orientation, CCLOW focuses on improving educational and learning systems. Our work and research includes maintaining a Women's Learning Resource Centre, publishing a quarterly magazine *(Women's Education des femmes)*, advocacy, program development in local areas and involvement in educational related activities and events.

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Le Congrès canadien pour la promotion des étudez chez la femme (CCPEF) a été fondé en 1979. C'est un organisme national, bénévole et féministe qui a des réseaux dans chaque province et territoire. Le CCPEF prône l'égalité entre les femmes et les femmes et les hommes en promouvant une participation égale de tous et de toutes à notre système éducatif, politique, économique, judiciare, social et culturel. Pour surmonter la discrimination qui se fonde sur le sexe, l'âge, la race, la classe sociale, les caractères ethniqueset l'orientation sexuelle, le CCPEF s'attache à perfectionner le système éducatif et celui de l'apprentissage des femmes, publie une revue trimestrielle *Women's Education des femmes*, se fait le défenseur des femmes, se fait le défenseur des femmes, s'occupe d'occupe d'élaborer des programmes dans differentes régions du pays et participe à des activités et à des manifestations dans le domaine de l'éducation.

BEST COPY AVAILABLE